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JULY 6, 1973

NR

NATIONAL REVIEW

The Lights Are Going Out

An Analysis by Lawrence Rocks & Richard P. Runyon

The New York Times Book Review

An Interview With John Leonard
With Neal Freeman

Also In This Issue:

BURNHAM, KIRK, HART, HAZELTON, RODMAN, WILL, MANO, BRUDNOY, VAN DER KROEF

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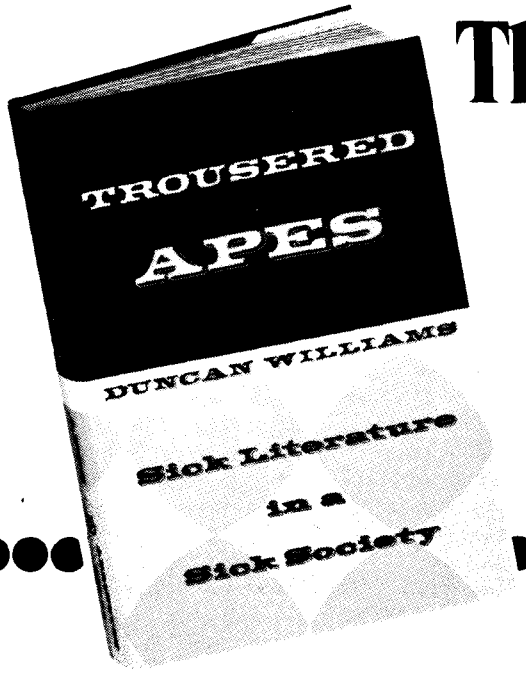

Three eminent British newspapers called this underground book one of the best of the year

TROUSERED APES

Sick Literature in a Sick Society

Duncan Williams *Foreword by* MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

"Anything goes," proclaimed a memorable Cole Porter song of the Thirties—but sardonically. It remained for the Savage Sixties and the Sick Seventies to emancipate us—to the level of trousered apes.

British professor Duncan Williams takes the view, lately unfashionable, that art can corrupt: "the arts in general are not merely a mirror reflecting social and cultural values, but are, on the contrary, powerful forces which shape and mould the way in which people live and behave."

Thus the lurid themes that dominate literature and drama today—sadism, sodomy, the drug culture, barnyard sex—and the raw rendering of them, work their poison into the social body. The result is animalism. Trousered apes. "We are teaching savagery," notes Professor Williams, "and are naively appalled at the success of our instruction."

With urbanity and easy learning, Professor Williams links today's trousered apes to their forebear, Rousseau's Noble Savage. Two centuries of revolt against religion, reason and order led us to Woodstock.

In his provocative Foreword, Malcolm Muggeridge traces the odyssey of this book in its British edition, from underground sleeper to nomination among 1971's Books of the Year by three eminent London papers: the *Sunday Times*, the *Observer* and the *Sunday Telegraph*. The book's message is at least as urgent for America.

"Witty, erudite, passionately felt"

"Witty, erudite, passionately felt . . . . a brilliant attack, and perhaps the beginning of a major argument of the '70s."—C. P. Snow, *Financial Times*

"Professor Williams, after closely studying contemporary developments in art and literature . . . observes, and brilliantly describes, the increasing predominance of an anti-civilizing trend, closely linked to a cult of ugliness, a morbid concentration on the baser elements of life, a clinical obsession with the bizarre, with the grossly sensual and degrading aspects of human nature . . . Masterly analysis."—*Peregrine Worsthorne, Sunday Telegraph*

"Provocative and important new book."—Peter Grosvenor, *Daily Express*

"A powerful indictment of the 'arrogant primitivism' which in fiction, the drama and the popular arts glorifies violence and animalism . . . a powerful analysis of the violence allied to triviality that characterises so much of our contemporary society."—*Tablet*

"Acute in diagnosing and describing the malady."—Michael Wharton, *Daily Telegraph*

"Here in England, the book began by being more or less bootlegged. Few reviewers noticed it (an honorable exception being C. P. Snow, who dealt with it at length), bookshops didn't stock it, the trade and the literary establishment left it severely alone. The reason is obvious. *Trousered Apes* (the title is taken from C. S. Lewis) is a cogently argued, highly intelligent and devastatingly effective anatomisation of what passes for culture today, showing that it is nihilistic in purpose, ethically and spiritually vacuous, and Gadarene in destination." —Malcolm Muggeridge

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Letters

Bravo, Sobran!

M. J. Sobran Jr. has rendered Garry Wills hors de combat ["The Newborn Garry Wills," June 22]; the finest pinpoint demolition of an overrated combatant since Gavilan destroyed Chuck Davey.

Congratulations to *NR* for arranging the match.

Washington, D.C. VICTOR GOLD

The key point—which Mr. Sobran implies strongly—is that Wills never was an "authentic" conservative. His contempt for "the market" and for all us boobs who scurry about in it marked him, way back then, as just another plastic Tory; Torier even than Dr. Kirk, at whom he now sneers. The "new" Wills, then, isn't so new after all: He exhibits all the old contempt for the bank-run of humanity, and all that's changed is the rhetoric used to express it. Once an elitist, always an elitist.

Minneapolis, Minn. HOWARD CREEL

On most points of substance, I am complimented by your disapproval. But in tonal niceties, how could you err so grossly? You speak of a "candid friend's" insincerity when I describe how *we* Americans have failed—yet you document my own complicity in things I now deplore: I wrote for NATIONAL REVIEW. You say I cannot mean it when I talk of a lover's quarrel with my country—yet it is all too provable that one can have affection for the thing one deprecates: I am fond of NATIONAL REVIEW.

Baltimore, Md. GARRY WILLS

Watergate Reactions

"Watergate: Shifting Perspectives" ["The Week," May 25] was great. However, according to your analysis, one would think that the scenario went something like this: The morning after the Democratic Convention, Haldeman looks at Ehrlichman and says, "Good Lord! Instead of a traditional Democrat like Humphrey, Jackson, or Muskie, the Democrats have nominated that darling of the abortionists, welfarists, isolationists, and left-field loonies, George McGovern. If he gets elected, our country is in terrible trouble, so we must do whatever is necessary to ensure his defeat." If that had been the case, your analysis would obtain, but the fact is, Haldeman, Ehrlichman, et al. are accused of using every dirty trick in the book to ensure McGovern's defeat in the election, *after* using every dirty trick in the book to ensure his nomination, because he would be easier for President Nixon to beat. That doesn't sound like people acting out of patriotic motives to *me*. That sounds like people perpetuating themselves in power.

And then, when the facts started to come out, instead of saying, "We did it for our country—do with us what you will," they heatedly denied the whole thing, covered it up, and then tried to exculpate themselves by pointing the finger at one another. To quote Daniel Oliver ["The Amnesiacs"], "It is not the willingness of the man of conscience to break the law that impresses, but rather his willingness to pay the penalty for breaking the law."

New York, N.Y. A. L. ISRAEL

I have been a subscriber to your magazine for many years and never expected to see an article like "The Snicker Factor" [June 8]. "Those Democrats whose motives are meanest" could never be more demeaning to the President than your Washington editor, George F. Will. The President, like any other citizen of the United States, should be considered innocent until *proven* guilty, and, if innocent, why should he be "a figure of ridicule for the rest of his term"?

Lakewood, Ohio MARY A. GARDNER

The following is a verbatim quote from *The Truman Presidency* by Cabell Phillips (p. 421), and it concerns a little *press* bugging.

"On the Sunday preceding the Monday opening of the convention, the Illinois delegation caucused in a private dining room of the Morrison Hotel in Chicago. As chairman of the delegation, Governor Stevenson pleaded earnestly with his fellow delegates neither to place his name in nomination nor to suggest such an action by any other delegation. . . . The assurances he had pleaded for were not given. While no final commitments were made one way or the other, it was obvious that Stevenson's name would go before the convention regardless of his wishes.

"The press had been excluded from the

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meeting, but the room had been 'bugged' by an enterprising radio correspondent, and a group of other reporters, clustered behind a plastic room divider behind the speaker's table, overheard the entire proceedings. Even before the caucus broke up, news wires across the country were crackling with speculations 'on the highest and most unimpeachable authority' that Adlai Stevenson's name would be put into nomination and that he would not block it."

I think you ought to remind your readers that the press has been wantonly hypocritical about Watergate.

Wauwatosa, Wisc. DICK WHEELER

The frightening message in Watergate is that the people's vote is being effectively canceled by the media.

In Watergate Republican campaign workers bugged the Democratic Party offices, were caught, and the White House staff tried to cover it up. If dishonest, it is perfectly normal and not without precedent, for during the 1968 Democratic Convention, NBC News was caught doing the same thing and its motives and operatives were covered up by the same media that expose Watergate today. The means were the same, but the motives were ideologically poles apart. In Chicago the "concerned youth" had come to trash the city and force demands on the Democrats that they couldn't achieve through the ballot box. The media, sympathetic to their cause, were trying to find the means the Democrats were using to keep them out, and discredit them. The scoop would also increase their ratings and therefore their revenue. To our "free and vigorous press" the ends and not the means make a difference.

Though Johnsons and Nixons come and go, the same people remain in the editors' chairs. The public is left with a watchdog that only bites the thieves it disagrees with.

Miami, Fla. TERRELL JONES

Since the news media are succeeding in making Watergate as important in history as the sinking of the battleship *Maine*, I

(Continues on page 715)

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Unlikely bedfellows: The two publications that came out last week for **Richard Nixon**'s resignation are, on the left, the *Nation*, on the right, **William Loeb**'s *Manchester Union Leader*. . . . The Communist *World*'s slogan du jour is "No Amnesty for Nixon," but the paper as a whole was having difficulty last week meshing its Impeach Nixon demands with its praise of the **Brezhnev**-Nixon summit. . . . On the Hill they're saying that Richard Nixon should be blessing **Bella Abzug**. Every time Bellowing Bella gets to her feet to demand impeachment (which is every-time anything is being discussed) she turns off a few more congressmen. . . . Incidentally, the only member of the Ervin Committee to vote against postponing the **John Dean** hearing a week was Republican Administration critic **Lowell Weicker** of Connecticut. . . . Latest from Watergate rumor mill is that **G. Gordon Liddy**, the only Watergater who hasn't said a word, was a double agent, placed inside the Re-elect Committee to blow its operations. . . . Making money on Watergate: An ad in the *Washington Post* offers a series of three **Richard Nixon Silver Bars** (See No Evil, Hear No Evil, Speak No Evil), for $45. . . . And **Maxine Cheshire** reports an enterprising woman writer is having trouble finding a publisher for a gardening picture book "on the balconies and backyards of key Watergate figures."

■ The Soviet line on Watergate, according to a spokesman for Moscow's **Institute of International Relations**, is that the attendant publicity was "an attempt by the military-industrial complex in the United States to disrupt Soviet-American relations [and] delay the Brezhnev visit." . . . A **Gallup** poll on the eve of Brezhnev's arrival in the States shows that 34 per cent of Americans are now favorably disposed toward the Soviet Union (as against 5 per cent in 1954); 57 per cent are still unfavorably disposed toward Russia.

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"Only ten minutes until the next price increases, ladies!"

■ Political tidbits: Former Sen. **Eugene McCarthy** is thinking of buying a farm in New Hampshire and hints he might run for the Senate in New Hampshire in '74, when Republican Senator **Norris Cotton** (now 73) comes up for re-election. McCarthy supporter **Martin Peretz**, a Harvard professor, says New Hampshire makes "a lot more sense for Gene" than New York, where he now lives as a Simon & Schuster editor. . . . *New York* Magazine floats this one: **Daniel Ellsberg** may decide to run for the Senate from New York in order to become "the **Ralph Nader** of foreign policy." . . . Not bloody likely, the balloon lofted in the *New York Daily News* by columnist **Edward O'Neill**, that **Rockefeller** will persuade **James Buckley** to run for governor next year so that Buckley can then appoint Rocky to his, Buckley's, then-vacant Senate seat which would, in turn, give Nelson a forum from which to launch his 1976 presidential bid. Not asked: What happens if Buckley should lose? . . . In Philadelphia, Mayor **Frank Rizzo** told a police audience the other day that he is "going to dedicate" his life to the defeat of Democratic Gov. **Milton Shapp**, which lends credence to reports that Rizzo may switch parties and run against Shapp.

■ The question of **East** and **West Germany**'s admission to the **UN** has not yet even been debated but so certain is it that they will get in when the General Assembly reconvenes in the fall that a UN finance committee has already figured East Germany's assessment at 2 per cent of the UN budget, West Germany's at 6 per cent. The committee has also, at Peking's request, upped **Red China**'s assessment from 4 to 5.5 per cent. . . . **Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber** of *L'Express* says that if France goes ahead with her planned nuclear tests in the Pacific this summer some of France's Pacific territories may secede. . . . The various Vietnamese ceasefires have done nothing to cool Red Chinese aggression in Southeast Asia. Indonesia Attorney General **Ali Said** in an interview a week ago charged that fifteen thousand Chinese guerrillas have been infiltrated into Indonesia in the past couple of years, many of them posing as Chinese tourists from Hong Kong and Macao. . . . In northeast **Thailand**, Chinese-supported Communist guerrillas are now charging tolls on roads and bridges in the areas they control.

■ Bad timing: The Central Office of the **Conservative Party of Britain** had just produced a poster for nationwide distribution when the Lambton sex scandal erupted. Its slogan: "WE DON'T FOOL AROUND!"

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IN THIS ISSUE . . .

NATIONAL REVIEW has traditionally received prophecies of doom with considerable skepticism. We neither liked nor were convinced by *Fail-Safe*, we drank our milk lustily with never a thought of Strontium 90, and we never had much truck with Rachel Carson and her proliferating descendants. But the energy crisis, we conclude, is no bit of do-it-yourself apocalyptic; and, having looked at the figures, we are hereby worried. So are Messrs. **Richard Runyon** and **Lawrence Rocks**, who return to *NR* to analyze the inadequacies of President Nixon's recently unveiled "energy policy." 'Twon't do, is their verdict; we must get to work right away on solar and nuclear energy (the latter a favorite bugaboo of the Carsonites); and we must fill in the gap until those sources are on-line with synthetic fuels. Even at best, the effects of the coming energy shortage on our domestic life and foreign position will be far-reaching. . . . Professor **Jeffrey Hart** (Dartmouth) popped over to the University of New Hampshire to deliver a commencement speech, and turned the kids on to two militarists, Socrates and Jesus. . . . Professor **George Stigler** (Chicago), the noted economist, wonders what would happen if teaching were to join advertising, packaging, and all the other things we are required to have Truth In. . . . Two men who cut their teeth at *NR*, King Features executive **Neal Freeman** and *New York Times Book Review* Editor John Leonard, got together for a chat. Result: An illuminating look at the man who runs the magazine that can make or break a book. . . . Our publisher enjoyed **D. Keith Mano**'s piece on poker-playing a few issues back, but wondered in a memo how much it had to do with conservatism. Mr. Mano replies thoughtfully in this issue, in a bit of friendly criticism that has us all thinking.

—CHS

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hope another Daniel Ellsberg will come along and reveal to us the secrets that were being sought at the Democratic National Headquarters.

It is the public's right to know!

Hamden, Conn. JOHN W. DANA

Correction

I would like to correct two typos in my article, "End of the Colonels?" [June 22]. What you see on the outer wall of each ancient dwelling is an electric "meter," not motor, of course; and in a listing of dissident political types, it should have been "Mavron," not "Grivas."

Kent, Conn. JAMES BURNHAM

Life Amendment

Since the introduction of Senate Joint Resolution 119, proposing a constitutional amendment to restore legal protection to unborn children, there seems to have arisen a misimpression as to the amendment's intention ["James Buckley: Life Amendment," June 22]. I would like to take this opportunity to clarify as best I can what the amendment is designed to do.

The principal source of the misimpression would appear to be the attribution to me of a statement that appeared in the *New York Times* of June 1, 1973. The *Times* attribution was in the form of an indirect quotation and read as follows: "The key issue, Senator Buckley said, is that scientists are tending increasingly to believe that life begins not when fertilization takes place—that is, when the sperm penetrates the ovum—but when the fertilized ovum implants itself in the wall of the uterus." This was not what I said, and the attributed statement does not represent my own understanding of the question in issue.

I suspect that the reporter, with the best of intentions, ran together two separate statements made in different contexts during my press conference. The first had to do with the understanding of scientists that human life begins at the moment of conception—an understanding that I share. The second had to do with what I understand to be the limits of science to determine in any particular case when conception has in fact taken place.

Let me now state as precisely as I can the thinking that directs my intentions:

1. It is my belief and my intention in introducing my amendment that the word "person" will apply from the moment of conception.

2. In framing an amendment to accomplish this result, however, a close reading of the *Wade* decision convinced me that the term "conception" had been robbed of the legal meaning that those who invoke it to protect life intend it to have. I therefore looked for substitute language that would fulfill that intention. I believe that the language used in my amendment, to wit,, "all human beings including their unborn offspring at every stage of their biological development," is well-suited to this purpose and is altogether consistent with the intentions of any amendment that uses the words "conception" or "moment of conception." By firmly establishing the identity between "person," within the meaning of the Constitution, and "human being," as a distinct biological entity, my amendment would extend the protection for human life back to the first moment that science can establish its existence. Given the perversity of the courts and the slipperiness of language, I feel this is the surest way of guaranteeing that the amendment will have its intended effect. Whether there are better or more precise ways to do this than the language contained in my amendment will be determined during the hearing process by scientists and lawyers having particular competence in their respective fields.

3. The problem that lies at the heart of the matter is not at all easy to resolve from a legal point of view: Assuming legal personhood to be conferred at conception, how is this protection to have operative legal effect upon a specific human being who may not as yet be either known or knowable? There seems to be no hard and fast answer to that question, and

(Continues on page 753)

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THE WEEK

■ Uh oh: It is reported that the Senate Caucus Room in which the Watergate hearings are being held was first used when Congress investigated the sinking of the *Titanic*.

■ Latest episode in the stirring battle by Congress to reassert the rights of the legislature against presidential usurpation: Several months ago the Senate voted to allow anyone to buy, sell, and own gold, beginning next year. A similiar proposal lost out on a tie vote in the House, which then adopted a measure allowing gold ownership if and when the President determined that this would not harm the U.S. international monetary situation. The issue went to conference. The House proviso giving the President the final say was adopted.

■ Fighting Inflation in the Dairy Industry: The June issue of Time Inc.'s latest offspring, *Money*, takes a look at milk prices. The Federal Government, it notes, enforces minimum (yes, we said minimum) prices for dairy products. The dairy industry contributed heavily to the presidential campaigns of John F. Kennedy and Richard M. Nixon, and, yes, the minimum was raised substantially shortly after John F. Kennedy and Richard M. Nixon took office. In addition, 13 states enforce minimums of their own at the retail level. Numerous other states can deny a license to any milk bottler or dealer who engages in "destructive competition" (i.e., lowers his prices). A number of cities use local health regulations to bar the sale of milk bottled outside their boundaries (and selling at lower than home-bottled prices).

■ John Connally came, saw, was seen, and left. Though rumors circulate about the palace in-fighting that aborted Connally's role in the second Nixon Administration, certain points can be made with assurance. Connally underestimated the clout of Ron Ziegler, whose dismissal he urged, but who has now been elevated to presidential adviser. Connally favored a more thorough housecleaning, and, especially, a more dirigiste economic policy than Mr. Nixon. And the White House proved to be too small to contain Melvin Laird, Henry Kissinger, and John Connally at the same time. New Hampshire, it turns out, will be the *second* presidential primary.

■ Even before the draft expired on June 30, the Pentagon was having hard second thoughts about an all-volunteer army. Enlistments for ground-combat forces were below the requirements of both the Army and the Marine Corps, despite increased incentives including a $2,500 bonus on signing up. Moreover, many of those who volunteer lack high-school education and ordinary reading skills; and of those who are accepted, a great many require remedial training, or turn out to be disciplinary problems, according to an Army survey. And a disproportionate number of volunteers are blacks or members of other minority groups. All of which has prompted a provocative defense of the draft from a former assistant to Lyndon Johnson, Joseph A. Califano Jr.: "By removing the middle class from even the threat of conscription, we remove perhaps the greatest inhibition on a President's decision to wage war"—though Congress has made it clear that there are inhibitions enough at hand. Mr. Califano further argues: "Moreover, from the point of view of a military increasingly (and often unfairly) suspect by the civilian establishment and the most educated classes in our nation, it would seem important to continue to have a constant flow of young draftees and temporary reserve officers from military life to civilian life. In that way the military has in the civilian society a number of citizens who have experienced military life, understand it, and more frequently than not support the military establishment."

■ Ten years ago when Nikita Khrushchev visited Washington he boasted arrogantly of the Soviet Union's lead over the United States in space technology. As Leonid Brezhnev arrived in Washington, our astronauts were repairing a solar panel and a sluggish battery, checking the heat shield they had fixed over Skylab, sprucing Skylab up so that the next team will find its home away from home spring-cleaning neat. The last two Soviet space shots have been disasters and the story of other Soviet space failures is just now beginning to unfold. One of the reasons they have lost so many spacecraft, and so many cosmonauts, according to the American astronauts who have been training with the Russians for the joint 1975 mission, is that virtually every decision in the Soviet manned space flights has been made by ground control. One cosmonaut, for instance, was not radioed the combination that would unlock his control panel until he was 24 hours into his space mission. Cosmonauts were sent up without space suits so that three of them could be crowded into a tiny capsule; some went up on an 18-day mission with food for only five days. They were, in sum, used as guinea pigs, given little initiative, and no chance to score the spectacular space saves that brought Apollo XIII safely home again and is keeping Skylab up there, in the sky.

■ Eighteen years later Juan Perón arrived home in triumph to a new Peronist Argentina that has very little resemblance to the Argentina he once ruled. The country is in turmoil. The far-left guerrillas have not let up on their campaign of kidnapings and killings—indeed, on the day before Perón arrived home, they kidnaped two more foreign businessmen. The Marxist wing of the Peronist party that voted President Hector Cámpora into power is not prepared to wait for the reforms he has promised: They have moved in to take over physical control of radio stations, hospitals, banks, schools, and even police stations without government authorization.

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"Might they, at the party in Southampton, offer tea? Tea from Ceylon? Nepal? Where the tea growers earn maybe $.10, $.15 an hour? . . . It will, in any case, be a dressy affair, so the ladies will wear their diamonds. Mined in South and Southwest Africa, by black men earning a pittance, working under inhuman conditions . . . ."

"The campus is in tension . . . You rise and begin an address in which you attempt an analysis of the causes of the student disorders. With great difficulty. Because on your left is a band of black militants. They will laugh uproariously without provocation . . . Over on the right . . . the . . . SDS uses the tactic of applauding at incongruous points in the address."

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The right wing of the party, the linear descendant of Perón's own proto-fascist party, is demanding that Cámpora restore order and discipline and punish the insurgents. It's hardly a promising beginning.

■ For many years the French government has gone in for bugging in a big way. So many wires, official, private, and foreign, are tapped that a special technical staff operates from a building of its own. A few newspapers and political figures, perhaps seeking to imitate the American example, have lately complained in public that said bugging was getting out of hand, and the French Senate had a debate on the subject a week or so ago. For the government, State Secretary Oliver Stirn informed the Senate that the bugging was none of its business, and was going to continue in a wide assortment of cases: Activities of radical groups on Right or Left "whose aim is to attack the republic's institutions and to destroy them," violent job actions, "insurrectional" strikes, "subversive movements," "recruiting of agents" by foreign governments. "Whether it concerns threats to the internal or external security of the state, meddling in national defense, foreign organizations of all kinds on our territory or agents trying to influence French policy by financial or other means, the government has the right to prevent such actions and can do so only if it is well informed." Take it from there, Senator Ervin.

■ General Yakubu Gowon of Nigeria went to London to see the Queen in early June, and was given a suitable royal welcome. The visit, largely ceremonial, was important for other reasons. Nigeria is one of the few black African nations capable of making it. In addition to its other agricultural and mineral resources it is now a major oil producer and supplies a goodly portion of England's petroleum. The country has made a remarkable recovery from the Biafran rebellion in which a million of its fifty million-plus people are believed to have died, and Gowon aspires to become the top Central African leader. One object of the trip was to urge the British government to continue its pressures against Rhodesia, for which move Gowon expects to get credit from the Organization of African States. Gowon's words didn't go unnoticed. He wields considerable clout not only because he controls a supply of oil that England needs, but also because, as African leaders go, he is moderate, and could help Britain in her dealings with her black African former colonies. Even the professional skeptics in Whitehall were moved when General Gowon toasted, in a combination of Shakespeare and the hymn book, "This sceptred isle, this land of such dear souls."

■ The United States has moved, on tiptoe, to counter the Soviet Union's naval presence in the Indian Ocean. Our Navy has opened a communications station, complete with harbor and eight-thousand-foot runway, on the British-owned island of Diego Garcia—ostensibly to control movement of our ships and planes in the area; symbolically, to announce our "presence" in the Indian Ocean, to keep watch on the ships the Soviet Union has on permanent assignment there, and to serve notice that we do not welcome any expansion of that fleet. Diego Garcia, interestingly, is a good spot from which to survey the oil route out of the Persian Gulf.

■ Five years ago Soviet newspapers told of an event in Siberia that marked "the beginning of the technological revolution": the installation of a mammoth power generator. *Pravda* described the moment the mighty generator was started up: "Within seconds the gigantic machine shuddered and its powerful bass sound merged into the cheerful chorus of the previous six operating units." Now, five years later, comes a discouraging word: It never happened. In a fit of honesty, a Soviet trade-union newspaper explains: "There was no current, and how could there be any since the manufacturer had not even supplied the generator? Everyone knew that it had burned out during factory testing . . ." The replacement came but it wasn't much better; it's been out of service three of the past five years. If there's going to be a Russian technological revolution, Brezhnev may have to take it back with him.

■ We have had Pope Pius XII tried and convicted by Rolf Hochhuth. We have had the Rosenbergs vindicated by E. L. Doctorow. And now, moving ahead with the genre of political fiction, we have John F. Kennedy assassinated by—wouldn'tcha know—a conspiracy involving Texas oilmen, retired generals, CIA agents, anti-Castro Cubans, and the Mafia. This pseudohistory is to be unfolded in a forthcoming big-budget movie starring Burt Lancaster and Robert Ryan called *Executive Action*. Lee Harvey Oswald will be a sort of optical illusion, at best a bit part. Putting up the big dough: a Los Angeles businessman named Herbert Magdison, described as "active in the antiwar movement." Providing the screenplay: Dalton Trumbo, David Freed, and Mark Lane. Trumbo was one of the Hollywood Ten. Freed tried to rehabilitate Julius and Ethel with a play called *Inquest*. Lane is the extreme leftist and former New

Camelot Resurgent

These days, he's not an image-maker;
He doesn't *push*, like Howard Baker.
He's quick to offer public solace
To Alabama's ailing Wallace.
On Watergate, he's rather quiet.
His gut's responding to a diet.
He's leading Agnew with the pollsters,
Except among selective oldsters.
His driving arm is very steady.
He's our next President. He's Teddy.

W. H. VON DREELE

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York congressman who last surfaced with some faked interviews with Vietnam veterans. Apparently the one thing these types can't stand is authentic history.

■ General Motors won't be putting airbags in some 1974 models after all. For one thing, federal rulemakers have been poky about approving GM's system. For another, other automakers who don't share GM's enthusiasm for airbags are suing to block the government from making bags mandatory on 1976 models. And it seems there are still a few bugs: A bag in a test vehicle inflated accidentally a couple of weeks ago, slightly injuring a passenger (and imagine what would have happened on a crowded highway). "Such inadvertent firing," says the *New York Times* (without cracking a smile) "is considered a serious danger in this safety feature."

■ The look-see reading method, a phad in the Phiphties, produced a generation of schoolchildren who couldn't read. Now the evidence is stacking up that the "new math" taught for the last ten years or so has bereft another generation of kids of the ability to add, subtract, multiply, divide, or fill out IRS forms. A New Hampshire study showed that students taught new math dropped an average of two full grade levels behind those taught conventional math. A similar study of California grade-schoolers found that those taught standard 'rithmetic ten years ago scored twice as high on a nationwide test as the current crop raised on new math. So another of the educationists' experiments on our children flunks.

■ Can you bake a cherry pie, Billy boy? Not unless it contains at least 25 per cent cherries by weight and not more than 15 per cent blemished cherries, according to the new Federal Cherry Pie Standards set down by the Food and Drug Administration. The FDA ruling ends a seven-year controversy among cherry-pie makers (some of whom complained back in 1966 that others of whom were skimping on their cherries), but will do little to ease an older controversy between taxpayers and uppity regulatory agencies. The ruling will also clearly open numerous professional positions for federal cherry inspectors who will be required to snatch the 16th blemished cherry from each lot of a hundred that rolls by. Next target for the FDA: feminine hygiene sprays, on the grounds that they have no "medicinal benefits," and we can't wait to see the guideline for that one.

■ A federal judge has ruled that the Illinois Department of Public Aid cannot deny welfare money to unborn babies (payable, presumably, to mothers of unborn babies). For your midterm exam, sort out, as among judge, welfare mothers, and taxpayers, who's doing the screwing, who's getting screwed, and who's got a screw loose.

■ By George, they've done it! A British chemist has discovered a cheap, non-toxic way to make plastic biodegradable, so that enzymes in the soil will eat it up leaving no mess. Pretty big news, huh? Pretty major contribution to solving the environmental crisis, n'est-ce pas? Where'd we read it? Back among the truss ads. Odd . . .

Food Prices Explained

Let's say you put tomatoes in
And, later on, some squash.
Cool weather kept the tendrils thin;
Rain kept the squash awash.
At length, the summer sun appeared
With unrelenting shine:
The squash was positively seared;
Tomatoes wouldn't vine.
Extrapolate your garden to
A big Ohio spread.
I've given you a tiny clew
Why farmers say, "Drop dead."

W. H. VON DREELE

Richard at the Summit

If we may judge by the radiance of his smile and the lilt in his voice, there is nothing Richard Nixon enjoys as much as a well-publicized summit, and most of all, among summits, those on which he stands alongside his superpower peers. Now, we know, because all our wise men have told us so, that Mr. Nixon has dramatically changed the nature of U.S. foreign policy, ended the cold war, and above all entered into a new era in relations with China and the Soviet Union. Let us grant these premises. But this Brezhnev week somehow revives a mildly gnawing question about what the context of the President's policy exactly is, what specific objectives he is pursuing, and what specific strategies he has in mind for attaining those objectives.

"The quintessential aim of President Nixon's foreign policy," C. L. Sulzberger wrote the other day, "has been arrangement of a sensible deal with Moscow, balancing off the interests of the two superpowers while at the same time protecting United States commitments to West Europe and reassuring China against any conceivable threat of Soviet force."

That paragraph sounds fine until you look at it closely. In fact, everyone would surely rejoice if a foreign policy could produce such a cornucopia of happy results. The problem, though, is whether these several results are in truth compatible with each other, and, if somehow compatible, what sort of moves could bring them jointly about. Isn't the real question in practice, for example, whether it is possible to protect "U.S. commitments to West Europe" while simultaneously making "a sensible deal" (presumably meaning one that will seem sensible to Moscow as well as to us) with Moscow? whether there

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is anything short of decisively superior military power (which we don't at present possess) and a pledge to use it that could "reassure China against any conceivable threat of Soviet force"? (and how sensible would Moscow consider that reassurance?) whether one can "balance off the interests of the superpowers" if one is making deals with them and giving them reassurance?

The President's global policy moves have been spectacular in form but obscure in substance. He has not made clear to the nation just what he is trying to do, and possibly he has not to himself. Is he, under Henry Kissinger's guidance, trying to carry on an "old-fashioned balance-of-power strategy"? Or does he really and truly believe, as much of what he says most certainly suggests, that we can have genuinely friendly, peaceful, mutually beneficial relations with the Soviet Union, with China, or with both? Has he, as some of his actions and even more his lack of action might seem to indicate, more or less written off Western Europe? Is he—and evidence can be cited to support such a hypothesis—playing with a new version of a Franklin Roosevelt (and a Pope Julius) dream: of a world order under the aegis of a triple-superpower condominium? Or is he maybe just splashing about in whatever direction seems suitable to the occasion, without knowing just where he will end up?

We believe these questions need more careful thought and serious discussion than they are getting. In global policy as in most other regions of human affairs, you can't have it all ways. So far, Mr. Nixon's global maneuvers look to us more like elaborate temporizing than like sustained and consistent policy. We would like to be convinced we are wrong.

Foreign Aid Rebaptized

Soviet-American "trade" has been rather lopsided. We exported products worth $546.7 million to the Soviets last year, and got back products worth $95.4 million. The wheat juggle—for which Brezhnev was duly honored with *Esquire*'s "businessman of the year" award—did much more than raise the price of our bread and meat. By pre-empting railroad boxcars and tankers, shipments of wheat to the Soviets also aggravated shortages of U.S. lumber and oil.

So, what exactly do we get in return? When the Soviets run out of Jews to export, it's not obvious what they'll have that we are interested in. For oil and natural gas that might be available a decade or so from now, we surely aren't going all the way to the USSR—not exactly an historically trustworthy source for such basic strategic necessities—when we could more quickly and more cheaply pipe oil from Alaska and gasify our own ample supply of coal. Most Russian consumer goods range from non-existent to shoddy. Americans will have to drink an ocean of Russian vodka just to balance the Pepsi account.

Naturally, U.S. businessmen are anxious to sell things to the Russians, but the much-publicized Pepsico and Occidental deals are still pretty hypothetical. They may end up more lopsided than the wheat caper, if they ever get off the ground. The essence of trade is that both parties benefit. If the U.S. outflow to the Soviet Union continues at more than five times the inflow, somebody will have to lend the Soviets a lot of money. Without something to trade, where will the Soviets get the dollars to repay the loans? If we just want to collect Russian IOUs, there are plenty of defaulted Russian bonds and loans around, dating back to the czar and Lend Lease, which could be picked up cheaply.

Watergate as Power Struggle

Legal and ethical questions aside, for the moment at least, the Watergate affair must be viewed as a central event in the struggle for power that has been going on in the United States all through the 1960s and into the early 1970s. The current frustration of center and right Republicans is due to the fact that just as this power struggle seemed on the verge of being decided favorably, Watergate intervened to change the focus of attention and interrupt the shifting balance of political power.

Since 1968, the liberal establishment and its allies in the media have been on the defensive. Vice President Agnew's "silent majority" speech in Des Moines on November 13, 1969 actually did have a "chilling effect" on the liberal media—or, more precisely, the public reaction to that speech permitted the moguls at CBS, the *New York Times*, and elsewhere an unwelcome perception of their true standing with Middle America. Small, but not altogether unimportant, adjustments began to be made.

And, of course, the election of 1972 moved one step further the process of forming a new non-liberal national majority. The old establishment and its miscellaneous-left allies emerged in marked disarray.

Watergate has transformed that situation, temporarily

"Shangri La is on me tonight, Wally. Jack Anderson gave this to me for promising not to reveal myself as his source."

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The Department of Inadequate "Wording" — Charles M. Morin, law partner of former White House aide Charles Colson, says he regrets the "hasty" and "ill-considered" and generally embarrassing "wording" of his memo to Colson about pressing the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) to hire a particular man for a sensitive position. Morin's memo urged Colson to pressure G. Bradford Cook, then SEC head, to name a friend of Morin's to the post of top SEC lawyer. The memo said: "We have to lean on Brad. He ought to be reminded of how he got his job." Colson wrote on the top of the memo: "I'll call Cook if necessary." Cook resigned after his name became involved in the scandal concerning financier Robert Vesco's contribution to the Nixon campaign—before Colson made the call.

■ Attorney General Elliot Richardson, anxious to prove that he is independent of the White House and clean as a hound's tooth, has announced that "Assistant Attorney General J. Stanley Pottinger is taking a fresh look at the Kent State University issue to determine whether or not the decision not to convene a grand jury was properly founded." A group of Kent State students has been in Washington lobbying for a federal inquiry into the events of May 4, 1970, when four students were killed in a riot against the Ohio National Guard. Pottinger recently was named head of the Justice Department's civil-rights division. He used to be in charge of enforcing "affirmative action" requirements against universities and other institutions.

■ Morton Halperin, former aide to Henry Kissinger, is suing Kissinger and ten others in connection with illegal wiretaps placed on his phone. Halperin, a friend of Daniel Ellsberg, was one of 17 Administration officials whose phones were tapped by the Administration in an attempt to find out who was leaking information to the press. The wiretapping statute of the 1968 Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act provides penalties of $100 for each day of illegal taps. Everyone involved in the taps may be penalized. Halperin says his phone was tapped for at least eight months and perhaps for 25 months. If FBI logs of the taps confirm the 25-month period, Halperin could receive $75,000 from each of the defendants.

■ BRIEFS: The draft—or, more precisely, the President's power to induct men into the Armed Services—expires June 30. Men are still required to register with Selective Service when they turn 18 but officials say more than 10 per cent of the eligible young men are failing to do so. Meanwhile, there are reports that some Navy officials, including Admiral Elmo Zumwalt, have been lobbying on Capitol Hill to get the draft extended. That will not happen: There probably are not ten votes in the Senate for it. . . . Howard Phillips, Acting Director of the Office of Economic Opportunity, considers it his duty to exterminate OEO. The Administration has not asked for any funds for OEO beyond June 30. Now a federal judge has ruled that Phillips is acting "unlawfully and illegally" as an anti-antipoverty jobholder. The judge ruled in favor of four senators who brought suit charging that Phillips should be removed from office because he has not been named permanent director and confirmed by the Senate. The judge's ruling does not remove Phillips but it blocks him from official actions and opens the way for suits challenging actions he has already taken in dismantling OEO. The Administration has asked the U.S. Court of Appeals to stay the lower court's order because it "effectively brings OEO and its programs to a standstill." Phillips is still determined to do the will of the Administration by bringing OEO to a standstill by June 30. —CATO

at least. Though in fact the affair was objectively trivial—who thinks that this was the first time a phone has been tapped in the District of Columbia, the first time agents have slipped into a building, or the first time government officials have tried to sweep something under the rug?—Watergate was made to order for media coverage, and, in the prevailing tactical situation, was seized upon as a godsend.

The media's daily spasms of moral indignation are of course a gleeful put-on, and liberal sophisticates know it. The unfolding revelations before the Ervin Committee constitute delicious court gossip and scandal, made into a soap opera via the Tube. The visions of an imminent fascism barely escaped are pleasant imaginings, a sort of political *Deep Throat*, but are hardly taken seriously even by those who produce and merchandise them. And out on the ragged margins of media-cult, columnists like Pete Hamill and Garry Wills can indulge themselves in their penchant, repressed intermittently and only with great difficulty, for calling their betters names.

The media storm over Watergate, then, is not so much a natural reaction to the facts on view, but rather resembles the artificial storm flicked on by throwing a switch in a wind-tunnel. The point, of course, is to try to undo the results of the 1968 and 1972 elections—if not to replace the Administration, then at least to cripple it. Indeed, the target is not really Nixon himself or this or that aide, but, rather, that "new majority," the favored policies of which would oust the liberal establishment and its miscellaneous-left allies from their positions of political and cultural power. That, at bottom, is what the Watergate affair is all about.

Can it work, at least in the long run? Probably not. Just because the Middle American voter disapproves of chicanery in high places, it does not follow that he wants his children bused into the central city to achieve some chimerical racial balance. It does not follow that he wants his taxes to go up for the sake of social experiments of one kind or another, or for the purpose of redistributing income—*his* income—downward, à la George McGovern. It does not follow that he will suddenly find himself comfortable with the attitudes and the lifestyle of the liberal leadership cadres of the Democratic Party. It does not follow that he wants, suddenly, to see the national defenses perilously weakened. It does not follow, then, that because of Watergate the Middle American voter desires a 1976 presidential election pitting, for the Democrats, some version of George McGovern against,

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for the Republicans, some version of John Gardner.

Watergate has not changed the fundamental political equations in this country. The possibility of a new non-liberal national majority is based on major and irreversible changes: the shift of the population center southward and westward, the movement of the South and Border States out of the Democratic Party, and the nationwide movement from city to suburb. When all the lay sermons and mock horror over Watergate fade away, and whatever happens to Richard Nixon himself, those strategic facts will remain.

Hooked on Controls

"You can help," said President Nixon, "by saying no to those who would impose a permanent system of controls on this great, productive economy of ours. . . . We must never slip into the temptation of imagining that, in the long run, controls can substitute for a free economy or permit us to escape the need for discipline in fiscal and monetary policy. We must not let controls become a narcotic and we must not become addicted."

To read that, you'd almost think that "we" were responsible for imposing controls, and the President was chastising "us" for our bad habits. But it is, alas, the President himself who has become addicted to perpetual controls, or at least to an endless series of "temporary" phases.

There was, first of all, the urge to recapture that heady euphoria that followed Phase I—a brief period when the press stopped "kicking Nixon around." But controls are a dangerous drug, and it takes more and more to get the same effect. Businessmen, farmers, bankers, labor union leaders—none were impressed by this fourth shot of the same old stuff. Wall Street and foreign-exchange markets received a critical overdose of uncertainty and surprise. The first thing to be "frozen" was business activity. Even those "good headlines" that the President mentioned were not forthcoming: "Business and Labor Say Freeze Fails To Meet Problems"; "Disappointment Is Expressed in Europe"; "Nation's Shoppers Cool to Nixon's Freeze"; "A Desperate Dose of Old Medicine"; "Confusion Persists . . ."; "Price Freeze Fails To Win Confidence" . . .

Controls are habit-forming partly because of that hyped-up feeling of power they convey, that exhilarating hallucination that all the economic actors can be controlled like so many toy soldiers. Though interest in controls may begin with mild depressants, it leads to stronger drugs. The economy is so fluid and interrelated that an attempt to control a few parts usually leads to unpleasant side-effects, pulling the addict deeper and deeper into more experimentation with new controls. Thus, we must now control exports to keep foreigners from snatching up our "frozen" bargains. But this will revive our balance-of-payments problems (we devalued to get foreigners to buy more, not less), which will, in turn, require more controls on imports. The price of imports and import-competing goods will therefore rise, and this will create a demand for still "tougher" price controls, which will have to be accompanied by still tougher export controls, and so on, ad absurdum.

Suppose controls and rationing succeeded in saving consumers a million dollars that they would otherwise have spent on higher-priced gasoline (never mind that the same people who want to control gasoline prices also want to raise gasoline taxes). That million dollars will simply be spent on bidding up the price of something else—something less scarce and less controllable, like used cars, land, or clothes. So, controls again have to be extended. Or, suppose tight controls on egg prices lead first to an increase in slaughtered chickens, and then to an exodus from chicken farming. After World War II, Congress seriously considered forcing farmers—at gunpoint if necessary—to bring their goods to market at controlled prices. As with all addictions, the control-freak turns to more controls as a means of escaping reality—to delude himself that he can get high on an inflationary boom without crashing when he wants to come down.

The pushers of controls will always give you that first shot free. After that, the price goes up and up. As they say on TV, "Why do you think they call it dope?"

NR Aids N.Y. Times

We have had our differences with the editorial writers of the *New York Times*, but, finding the aforesaid gentlemen asking—and discovering no answer to—an important question, we decided to come to the aid of our baffled colleagues. As President Nixon might say, this is an historic first: The *Times* admitted that it had reached a blank wall in its understanding of events, and ended an editorial with a question mark. As exhibit A, we here reprint the substance of this unique piece of prose:

CLOISTERED VISITOR

The welcoming ceremonies of Leonid I. Brezhnev went off as planned at the White House yesterday. . . . The Brezhnev visit has had a good beginning.

But, apart from the questionable value of this visit at the time of Watergate, *there is another, and quite fundamental, criticism to be made of the arrangements for Mr. Brezhnev's trip to the United States.* He is the top leader of the Soviet Union, and his seemingly vigorous health suggests he may remain in his post for years to come. This is his first visit to our country, *yet he is scheduled to see extraordinarily little of this great and varied land, of the 200 million people who inhabit it.*

If present plans are observed, *he will see Camp David in Maryland, a few blocks of Washington near the White House, a sliver of California around San Clemente, plus whatever else he may view from his plane as he crosses the continent.* Even if it's not cloudy, he won't see much.

In contrast, Mr. Khrushchev managed to visit Washington, New York City, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Des

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Moines, Pittsburgh, and then Washington again. For years afterward, it was apparent that Mr. Khrushchev had benefited from his barnstorming across the country. Even at this late date *is it not possible to give Mr. Brezhnev a more representative view of the land, its cities, its farms, its factories, its people, than his present cloistered schedule will permit?* [Italics added.]

The reader of the *New York Times* might well conclude that these omissions were Mr. Nixon's fault: ". . . there is another, and quite fundamental, criticism to be made of the arrangements for Mr. Brezhnev's trip to the United States."

Well, despite the *Times*' ingenuous questions and coy phraseology our guess is that they know precisely why Brezhnev is being whisked from place to place, and why he will see so few waving fields of grain, cities, steel mills, dams, and missile sites. He would have been harassed relentlessly by members of militant Jewish groups wherever he went, even as President Pompidou of France was harassed when he visited the U.S. early in the Nixon Administration. As evidence we reprint the substance of a news item that appeared the same day (June 19) in the *New York Post*—though it did not find its way into the *Times*:

> WASHINGTON (CDN)—This city has taken on aspects of a mini-police state under some of the tightest security procedures known while President Nixon meets with Soviet Communist Party leader Leonid Brezhnev.
>
> During the first day of the Russian official's visit, city police arrested 23 persons—including three women—in a Jewish Defense League street operation aimed at invading Soviet embassy grounds. The plan had been for a group of twenty to attract attention of police at M Street and 16th Street, a half-block north of the embassy, while four youths a half-block south of the building would attempt to get past presumably thin police lines, vault the fence surrounding the embassy, and "sit in" on the grounds. . . . Cohen, a Rabbinical student, and a fellow JDL leader Moti Cziment, 26, of Miami, a teacher of Jewish studies, said they intended to carry on a campaign of harassment wherever possible, while the Soviet leader is in the U.S. for his week-long visit. Cziment said he expected that "a few hundred" will have been arrested by the end of the week. . . . They blamed what they called "the Jewish establishment" for a turnout of ten to twelve thousand persons. "There should have been 500,000 Jews here and massive arrests," said Cohen.

The decision was made, it is perfectly evident, to minimize Brezhnev's exposure to this sort of protest. Pompidou, after his own exposure to it—presumably because of France's sale of Mirage jets to an Arab country—made the same decision, and went to Iceland for his next meeting with the U.S. head of government. Now any number of comments could be made about all this (and one of ours would be to express our regret that Americans of every race, creed, and color did not seize the occasion of Brezhnev's visit to display their rejection of the entire Soviet system), but we will conclude with a question of our own: Is there not an impropriety in the fact that the movement of foreign officials in the U.S. can be drastically affected by protests arising out of issues unrelated to U.S. interests or to U.S. national security?

A Monopoly Is a Monopoly Is a Monopoly

The Postmaster General, Elmer T. Klassen, complained in an interview with *U.S. News & World Report*: "We've had many of our customers try to deliver their own bills and that sort of thing directly by messenger. Also, there are a number of private mail companies around the country giving us real concern. But they're not really a threat because they can't use mailboxes and they can't use stamps. They can't deliver first-class letters. . . . If the private competitors are permitted to come in and skim the cream of the crop and let us handle only the unprofitable mail, I wouldn't like that as a taxpayer."

In 1971, the privately franchised Independent Postal Service of America, based in Oklahoma City, delivered about 100 million pieces of mail to citizens in 452 cities in 32 states. As Monopolist Klassen indicates, IPSA is legally prohibited from carrying first-class mail—which is due to rise to 10 cents next year—unless it has U.S. Postal Service stamps on it (homage to Caesar), from using private mailboxes (which are privately purchased but apparently nationalized without compensation), and from using their own stamps. Now, who is doing the "cream-skimming"—IPSA or the Postal Service? And just who, exactly, is subsidizing whom? What do taxpayers have to do with this? According to the law that set it up, as was explained at the time, the new Postal Service was supposed to be self-supporting.

"United Parcel," continued our licensed monopolist, "is handling more packages now than we are in our parcel-post service. Only five years ago, we still handled twice as many as they did. . . . We damage five packages for every one that United Parcel does. . . . United Parcel is a real tough competitor, a good competitor. That ought to make the Postal Service management alert to what we have to do to compete with them." If fair competi-

Supreme Court Madness

Thou shalt not build more power plants.
  Converting shale to oil is dirty.
Say no to atom applicants.
  Have faith in hippies under thirty.
At all costs, save the tundra belt.
  Beware of Shell and other vandals.
Then buy some paraffin, and melt
  A rather large supply of candles.

W. H. VON DREELE

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tion—consumer choice—works so well with packages, mightn't it be fun to see what it could do with letters, Mr. Postmaster?

Fourth Circuit, Meet Sixth

During the past two decades many white families have shifted residence from Richmond, Va. and Detroit, Mich., as from a good many other of our cities, to the surrounding suburbs, while at the same time the black population of the cities proper has much increased. As one consequence, the pupils in the city schools have become mostly black, and the pupils in the suburban schools, mostly white. To remedy this violation of integration dogma, plans were devised in Richmond and Detroit (as in a number of other cities also) to combine the schools of city and suburbs into a single system, and to integrate the pupils thereof by compulsory busing. The Richmond and Detroit plans in due course entered the federal judicial process.

In January 1971 the U.S. Appeals Court of the Fourth Circuit, by a vote of 5 to 1, reversed a lower-court decision mandating the Richmond plan and found no constitutional justification or necessity for the fusing of the city and suburban school districts.

On June 12 of this year, the U.S. Appeals Court of the Sixth District, by a vote of 6 to 3, upheld the Detroit plan, finding that the Constitution did require a fusing of the city and suburban school districts and a busing procedure that would achieve a homogenized racial mixture in all of the schools of the enlarged system.

Thus it becomes the duty of the Supreme Court to cut this contradictory knot. But this the Court found itself unable to do when the Richmond case came before it. On May 21 a division of 4 to 4 on Richmond was announced, thus leaving in force the Appeals Court decision to annul the Richmond plan, but providing no precedent or opinion to guide other cases, since by custom no opinion accompanies a tie vote. Justice Lewis F. Powell, who had formerly served on both the Richmond and the Virginia school boards, had removed himself from participation.

With the Sixth Circuit's opposition opinion now on appeal, the Detroit plan will move up to the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court is never wholly predictable, but it seems likely that Justice Powell—who presumably will have no reason to withdraw from the Detroit case—will swing the outcome to one or the other pole. And very many concerned eyes will be on him. For the logic of these homogenizing plans now applied to a city and its suburbs would seem to extend with equal force to a county, a state, and even the entire nation.

Notes & Asides

■ Sir:

We were shocked and appalled on Friday morning to see an "ad" in the *New York Times* in which you are endorsing a book allegedly written by a "Liberal" named Charles Goodell, who, rumor has it that he operated the waste paper baling machine for the Salvation Army.

It may or may not be of any significance that the book you endorse was supposedly written by a guy who by his speech, actions, and writing is noted to be heavily leaning toward the bolshevik line. To see the endorsement of this book of plain unadulterated crap by Bill Buckley (not the crap, the book), a book of bolshevik

"About our needs, Mr. Nixon . . ."

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nonsense has caused consternation and amazement on all sides.

Some comments heard are as follows: "Buckley is broke. He needs the money." "This is a sell-out. Buckley is a greedy phony." "Buckley is definitely swinging toward the left." These are some of the opinions of the average man in the street. There is good reason for such opinions. The change by Buckley is not sudden. There were straws in the wind for some time. Buckley's utterances, actions, and writings of recent times may be described as tinged with ostentatious furtiveness.

In this vale of tears everything adds up to the obvious and the subtle, the definite and the uncertain. Your present situation re the pinko "ad" is shockingly repugnant to a sense of propriety. It is bungling, brazen, and short-sighted. The combination of these facts is highly significant. Reason, fairness, good judgment makes the difference between men. Your mind is essentially clear and disciplined, therefore, permitting yourself to be placed in this critical situation you have earned the ridicule, contempt and contumely that is heaped and will continue to be heaped, an apostate to your position, who demonstrated the vile note of impudency, proving yourself worthy of the approbious and vituperous stream poured in his direction.

It must be stated in truth though with deep mortification that there is an obvious, conspicuous absence of what we deem an absolute necessity for decency speaking with a persistent and exceedingly discouraging voice. You have shown yourself somewhat less than politically acute. What more can be said. Nothing can rectify this unfortunate and deplorable state of affairs. Your best bet is to lay low. You don't need publicity. You need a good pr man, and we don't mean a harp. I am at your service. With regards and best wishes,

Steve Smith
Blissville, N.Y.

Oh come on, Smith. For a million bucks from Goodell, wouldn't *you* be ostentatiously furtive? —WFB

■ Dear Mr. Rusher:

Bill B's latest ploy—Nixon resign, Agnew ascend—sent me back to my files. Over the years I've reviewed the *NR* articles and noted what I thought had meaning, whether I agreed with the author or not. I got a surprise.

I found that I could enjoy and profit from reading *NR* without having read any of Bill's fulminations. What I used to enjoy in Bill B was his cleverness, his frequent use of phrases from a couple of dead languages which I'd studied and snobbishly enjoyed, and his seemingly encyclopedic scholarship. Then I found his slip showing more frequently on facts in areas where I was narrowly competent. Doubts assailed me. (Wouldn't he just hate that sentence?) Then came the last issue with Nixon written off on one page and as if to balance that article, the full text of his speech honoring Francis, the dog-robber of the *Yale Daily News*, wherein he was more concerned about peer loyalty (doesn't he just love his old schoolmates, no matter what their fuzzy dotage?) than about the consequences in terms of balance. (He'd hate that sentence, too.)

I'm less than happy with his suggestion that Nixon resign and Agnew ascend. Nixon *picked* Agnew—if one resigns, both should. Even as I say that I'm shuddering at the thought of poor Carl Albert taking over.

I'd like to see someone else on your staff take on this subject—someone who is more concerned about serving the country, not just the Republican Party. Meanwhile how about giving Bill a sabbatical—*NR*, and even Bill B, might be the better for it.

Meanwhile if he's planning to send out another letter on early subscription renewals, you might caution him not to say that *NR* is "saddled with subscribers." (See attached.) We're getting sensitive. Sincerely,

Thomas A. Farrell
New Orleans, La.

Dear Mr. Farrell:

Re yours of June 3 to Mr. Rusher:

1. I am delighted you can enjoy NATIONAL REVIEW without reading my own copy. I am to say the least less surprised than you, and logically so. After all, I decide who appears in *NR*, and I enlist the services only of writers *I* enjoy and profit from. I am myself an avid fan of *NR*, and regularly skip over my own contributions to it.

2. However, as it happens, the editorial you refer to suggesting (not that Nixon should resign but) that Nixon might resign, was not written by me but by a senior editor of the staff.

3. The reproduction of the tribute to Francis Donohue was not intended as balance to the Watergate editorial in the sense you suggest. It is axiomatic in journalism that "balance" is measured not by weighing that which is consequential against other notions of what is consequential, but rather against that which provides relief or variety. The *New York Times* devotes more space per day to sports than to Watergate.

4. It is not clear what you mean by your reference to Mr. Donahue as "dog-robber of the *Yale Daily News*." In fact, the phrase is so unfathomable, it emerges as an extended typo.

5. It is not clear how you come to infer a dogged "peer loyalty" to Yale from a speech that gently ridiculed the president of Yale, the chaplain of Yale, the present standards of the *Yale Daily News*, and refers back to that high act of peer disloyalty, *God and Man at Yale*.

6. Could it be that the areas in which you are narrowly competent exclude the understanding not only of journalistic custom, but of the meaning of English prose?

7. I could not agree with you more about the desirability of a sabbatical. But who then would provide the balance between that in *NR* which you like, and that which you do not? Cordially, —WFB

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Sauerkraut Ice Cream

A FEW DAYS before former White House counsel John Dean began testifying to the Ervin Committee Nixon addressed the nation about the economy. Evidently because he thinks it was a smashing success, Nixon employed the rhetorical device of his April 30 Watergate speech.

On April 30 he said: It would be "cowardly" to "blame those to whom I delegated responsibility to run the campaign." So he accepted "responsibility" for recklessly rising above politics, for believing "the Presidency should come first and politics second." Then he lavishly praised, and fired, two of his "closest associates," saying that he would not blame "subordinates" whose "zeal exceeded their judgment and who may have done wrong in a cause they deeply believed to be right."

This is vintage Nixon, a solemn vow not to do what he is doing. In his speech on the economy he said: "We are not going to put the economy in a straitjacket." He eschewed "seemingly simple gimmicks." Then he "froze" just about everything. Then he said: "We must not let controls become a narcotic and we must not become addicted." Then he promised that the freeze will be followed by "a new and more effective system of controls" that will "get us out of a controlled economy."

Mental whiplash is an occupational hazard of reading Nixon's statements these days. (May 22: He said he hired the White House's resident burglars because the FBI would not help him fight the security risks on his staff and elsewhere.) And this whiplash is a matter of historic importance now that Nixon's reputation rests on a fraying web of claims—his and others—that require the willing suspension of disbelief.

Nixon's Watergate statements, considered separately, are like his economic statement—dizzying. But they cannot be taken separately, and consumed together they are like sauerkraut ice cream, an indigestible mess. So whom do you believe?

Former deputy director of the Nixon campaign Jeb Magruder has testified under oath that he told former White House chief of staff H. R. Haldeman in January about the cover-up. Haldeman has sworn that he did not learn about the cover-up until March. Magruder says Gordon Strachan, former Haldeman aide, was fully briefed on every stage of the Watergate operation. Strachan is reported ready to testify under oath that he showed Haldeman the advance plans for the burglary. Magruder testified that he has no knowledge that Nixon was involved. Haldeman, who was in a position to know, but who may not be believable, says flatly that Nixon is innocent.

Magruder says former Attorney General John Mitchell approved the break-in. Mitchell has said, "I never approved any bugging plans during any period of the campaign." That is lawyer language: He does not say what he counts as the "period of the campaign." According to Magruder, Mitchell approved the plan before becoming campaign director, while he was the nation's chief law-enforcement officer. Mitchell, a former Nixon confidant, can swear that Nixon is innocent. But Mitchell may not be inclined to do so now that former presidential assistant Charles Colson, in his role as salesman of the most recent White House line, has fingered Mitchell.

John Ehrlichman, who Nixon says is one of the finest public servants he has ever known, whom Nixon describes as one of his "closest associates," whom Nixon fired on April 30, swears that neither he nor Nixon had prior knowledge of the break-in to Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office by Hunt and Liddy. Dean is said to say Nixon authorized that break-in. Dean says Nixon was involved in the Watergate cover-up. Ehrlichman, who was in a position to know, but who is not believable, says Nixon was not.

What about Dean?

About a month ago a statement appeared in the press, attributed to an unnamed lawyer for Dean, to the effect that Dean dreaded the idea of going to prison because he has a "baby face" and fears homosexual assault. Dean's lawyers all deny saying such a thing. Some here in Washington suspect that the White House has replaced the jailed burglars with slime merchants who have floated the slander against Dean. Now stories are going around that Dean is a homosexual, or that he is licentiously heterosexual.

At first the White House line was that Dean met with Nixon only five or six times during his years as Nixon's counsel. On June 3 the White House said, "We categorically deny the assertions and implications" of Dean's claim to have met with Nixon at least 35 times between January and April of this year to talk about Watergate. On June 4 the White House confirmed that Dean and Nixon met often during the period in question and that they talked about Watergate.

Last Easter weekend the White House announced that Nixon had called Dean to wish him well. Recently Dean said Nixon did not call. The White House now confirms Dean's statement.

THESE incidents do not prove that Dean is telling the truth about other matters. All the public now knows is that it is not prudent to believe anyone just yet.

On April 30 Nixon said, "As the investigation went forward, I repeatedly asked those conducting the investigation whether there was any reason to believe that members of my Administration were in any way involved. I received repeated assurances that there was not."

On May 22 Nixon rebutted himself, admitting that three weeks after the break-in Acting FBI Director L. Patrick Gray had warned him of White House involvement. (Gray gave his warning soon after Ehrlichman and Dean persuaded him to destroy Watergate-related documents.)

On June 26, 1972, more than a week after the break-in, Nixon told a press conference that "the White House has had no involvement" in Watergate. But in his statement of May 22 this year Nixon acknowledged that "within a few days" of the break-in he knew that one member of his "special investigations" "plumbers" unit (Hunt) was involved.

More whiplash. More sauerkraut ice cream. □

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Three-Level War

LEVEL ONE:
The Cod War gets only occasional, and usually amused, notice in our media, but rates daily attention in the press of both belligerents. And it's no joke for the troops. From pre-history, fishermen have been pretty rough types. For months the powerful trawlers of the two sides have been harassing each other. Lately, Icelandic gunboats and British naval frigates have joined in. The gunboats have opened fire on at least two British trawlers.

Iceland sees the issue as national survival. Only 1 per cent of Iceland's land area is under cultivation (potatoes, turnips, hay), so that most of the food for its 210,000 inhabitants, along with most other things, must be imported. Fish and fish products, accounting for 80 per cent of Iceland's exports, pay for the imports. Earlier in this century, over-fishing virtually wiped out the vast herring shoals of the neighboring waters. The Icelanders are afraid that the rest of the fish will soon be gone. They therefore made a unilateral declaration extending their territorial claim to the fifty-mile limit, with the announcement that this would be pushed out to seventy miles in 1974.

This meant that the British fishermen, who have been getting a quarter of their total catch in those waters, would be excluded from fishing grounds they have visited for centuries. Several nations, led by Britain, refused to accept the expanded limit. British trawlers continued to enter the fifty-mile zone.

Americans, recalling the recurrent flaps with Ecuador, in which U.S. fishing vessels are first captured by the Ecuadorian navy and then ransomed by the U.S. Treasury, will realize that this Icelandic Cod War is not unique. Fish are protein, a most valuable foodstuff for both man and beast. The new suction and electronic methods used by the big modern fish factory-ships threaten the fish populations of most of the global ocean. The struggle for the right to harvest this enormous but not infinite oceanic crop becomes globally intensified.

Level Two:

The first attempt to extend territorial waters from the older three to twelve, fifty, seventy, two hundred, and you-name-it miles was connected with fishing rights. For thousands of years "the riches of the sea" meant, primarily, fish and other marine life. Today, though the fish crop still figures significantly, other categories of riches are the top prizes: in particular, for the moment, oil and gas, but with a whole array of minerals glittering in the future.

The fight for fishing rights is absorbed into what has become a global struggle for the sea and especially the sea-floor. Already, following the lead of the 1958 and 1960 UN conferences on sea law, most nations claim jurisdiction over, at least, the continental shelf as far as it extends (Canada claims as much as four hundred miles in some directions). Already thousands of oil and gas rigs are drilled or drilling into the shelf in many parts of the world. Many geologists believe the largest remaining potential reserves lie under the shelf or under the deeper waters beyond it. The growing energy shortage heats up the struggle for this potential.

We are possibly heading for a "division of the seabeds" analogous to the nineteenth-century division of Africa. The maritime states around the North Sea negotiated a division of its seabed for the development of what is proving to be its substantial oil and gas resources. An attempt is going to be made to elaborate new rules at the third UN conference on sea law, scheduled to convene next April at Santiago, Chile. The name of the sponsor and the meeting's locus suggest that the proposals emanating from this conference will not be to the liking of the large Western nations.

Iceland's claims will come before that UN meeting, and will probably get favorable treatment, but Iceland has not been willing to wait.

Level Three:

Iceland's impatience, its showy conduct, and its refusal of mediation are the product, as usual with such behavior, of the domestic situation. Iceland is presently governed by a precarious three-party coalition, which a few months ago was about ready to collapse from internal squabbles and popular discontent. (In the single month of March food prices went up 33 per cent.) The Cod crusade, with its defiance of the British lion and all other monsters, came just in time to save the government's neck.

One of the three coalition members is the People's Alliance Party, which is the name used by the Icelandic Communists. The Communist leader, Ludvik Josefsson, is in the cabinet. You will not be surprised to learn that the post he occupies is minister of fisheries. He is Iceland's field commander in the Cod War.

But actually, the Cod War is of only incidental interest to Minister Josefsson, who has, shall we say, other fish to fry. Iceland has been from the beginning a member of NATO. As its contribution to the alliance Iceland has been host to a NATO installation at Keflavik air base at present manned by 3,300 Americans.

There are highly secret aspects to this installation. A primary known function is air and electronic surveillance of the sea lanes between Norway and Greenland, the channel through which Soviet warships and Soviet nuclear submarines go to and from home base.

Josefsson has long been dedicated to pushing Iceland out of NATO and closing down the Keflavik installation. He sees the Cod War as the lever for achieving his objective. Josefsson found last month an opportune moment for a Moscow visit. A few days later Reykjavik announced that Iceland's modest navy would soon be reinforced by a large gunboat "from an Eastern country."

Our installation in Iceland is a key point in our system of global defense. A look at your map will show you that there is no substitute of comparable value.

Did the President, I wonder, find time to mention the Cod War to his guest last week? Or was that, also, excluded to avoid any risk of offending Uncle Leonid? □

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There's energy rationing in our future, no matter what, say the authors. But unless we move decisively now, the automobile may become as dead as the dodo, and the American dream may go unrealized

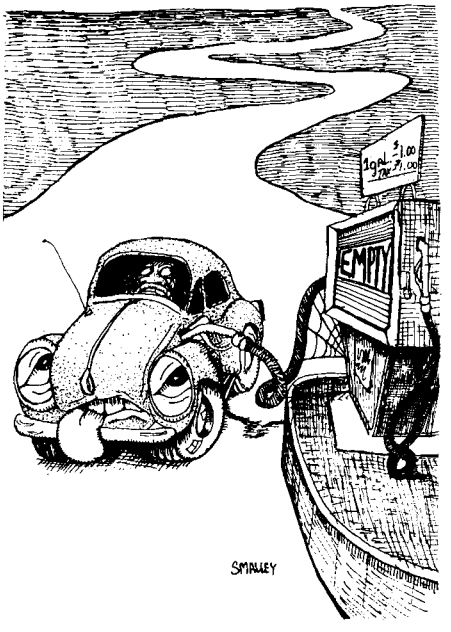
The Lights Are Going Out

RICHARD P. RUNYON and LAWRENCE ROCKS

PRESIDENT NIXON has sent his Administration's energy message to Congress. Presumably at this point the nation should feel that its future is secure from the awesome dislocations that a chronic energy shortage would engender. Perhaps many observers do feel secure. We do not. A long-range analysis of the forces at work in our government's energy supply strategies forces us to several conclusions: 1) cost-push inflation will accelerate with resultant ever-stronger price, wage, and even profit controls to check it; 2) energy rationing is just about inevitable by the latter half of this decade with the resultant creation of the necessary government apparatus; and 3) foreign-policy realignments will shatter the present patterns with the result of an in-gathering of nations about the Soviet Union—the only energy-rich superstate. These trends should force the Administration to formulate a meaningful energy policy built on the twin principles of synthetic fuels and energy conservation. Which alternative will prevail?

To begin with, the President's energy strategy is "qualitatively" correct, but it is so "quantitatively" inadequate as to be almost as bad as no policy at all. Ironically, President Nixon has failed to implement the goals that his own analysis finds to be necessary.

Restrictions on oil imports have been removed—a good move to increase our oil supplies over the short run. A tax program has been formulated to stimulate domestic exploration for oil and gas—a good move to increase supplies of these fuels over the short run. But these strategies require a back-up capacity of synthetic fuels. Without the capacity to create gas and oil products from coal, we shall find foreign sources of these fuels in short supply relative to



our projected needs as well as those of the European Economic Community and Japan. In addition, domestic supplies, both the proven and the presumed, will be relatively insufficient even if fully developed. The trends are clear: Japan, the EEC and the U.S. will be competing for Mideastern oil and gas as the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) auctions its fuels to the highest bidder. This spells price inflation in imported fuel. Meanwhile, as we drill deeper into the earth at home, deeper in off-shore water, and further toward the Arctic Circle, we shall find an ever-diminishing recovery of oil and gas at an ever-growing cost. Again, inflation is inevitable in a free-market economy.

The charts, by means of which one can peer into the future, show that the U.S. will require over 300 billion barrels of oil between now and the year 2020. This is more oil than we can possibly dream of finding at home and about half of all possible Mideastern discoveries for the next hundred years. Clearly, we are not the Middle East's only customer. The gas situation is comparable. The West's oil and gas needs for the next fifty years are about double nature's supplies; the prospect is that oil and gas will be doled out by the producing nations at sky-high prices.

Radical Alternatives

Without developing a crash program for a synthetic fuel capability now as a back up to greater oil and gas imports, we are headed for an easy course over the next few years, but a calamity by the early to mid 1980s. A synthetic fuel capability, if implemented now, would generate cost-push inflation of a gradual nature over the next ten to twenty years. Relying on imports, on the other hand, will generate explosive inflation in the next decade. It's ironic that Wall Street hasn't seen this prospect: A slow inflation over many years is bullish for stock prices; a rapid inflation with consequent "tight money" policies and consumer displacement from the market is bearish. Furthermore, a fuel shortage will create governmental intervention in the economy to an accelerated degree and quite possibly terminate free enterprise as we know it.

The possible consequences of a protracted oil shortage are fascinating to debate. Gasoline may be rationed; it

Messrs. Runyon and Rocks are co-authors of The Energy Crisis *(Crown).*

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might sell for over $1 a gallon by 1980; or both. The automobile-dependent suburbs will be hard hit. A house in the far-flung suburbs will not be a dream but a liability. Government is now promoting mass-transit systems (buses and railroads) for cities. Pressures now building could retard suburban sprawl, halt it, or even reverse it. Imagine real-estate values in the suburbs falling; real-estate values in the cities rising. Imagine the racial impact. Imagine the effect on banks that hold first mortgages. If the energy crisis kills the auto, it will kill a part of our economy that indirectly employs one American in five. Evolution in transportation systems is one thing; a collapse of our present system is quite another.

Of course, we can have a full mass-transit program and retain the viability of the auto, but we need synthetic fuels to guarantee a sufficient supply of gasoline at a price the middle class can afford. What we really need is to discard the philosophy that led to the Clean Air Act of 1970 and substitute one that could lead to an "auto efficiency act." This might give us autos good for twenty to forty miles per gallon. Reducing fuel requirements will also reduce pollution in itself. The so-called consumer advocates who call for pollution abatement at any cost are really pricing the consumer out of the transportation market, and indirectly out of his home. As long as fuel is scarce and expensive, we will be constrained to accept fuel-efficient systems: Instead of houses, we'll be forced into apartments; instead of autos, we'll need buses; instead of suburban living, we'll be compacted along the arteries of mass transit.

Foreign Intrigue

How likely are such changes in our way of life? A counter-question is: How likely is fuel rationing? We can easily calculate that domestic sources of oil and gas plus foreign sources are insufficient to carry us into the nuclear future by at least a factor of half-sufficiency. The nuclear future or solar-powered future is both remote and questionable. The President has predicted 500 billion watts of electricity from nuclear power by the year 2000. That would be about one-eighth of our total energy needs and would require about a million tons of uranium fuel cumulatively from now until 2000. But our resources of uranium are estimated at less than three-quarters of a million tons. On the other hand, if we had the breeder reactor fully operative, our uranium resources would be sufficient because the 99.7 per cent of the non-fuel isotope—uranium (238)—could be "bred" into fuel—plutonium (239). But the breeder is not here yet. Its phase-in time is limited by the breeding rate of a fuel inventory doubling of ten years. So by 2000 the breeder will give us about one-fifth of the 500 billion watts predicted. Also, the environmentalists are out to block the breeder. They say it represents "incestuous politics" and "immature science." The Soviet Union already has two breeder reactors working; the English, the French, and the Germans will have their first next year. Our first breeder is scheduled by the early 1980s, if the environmentalists don't delay it. Fusion power has not yet been established. When it is, it will take many decades to phase in. Solar-power deployment has been established, but the area requirements for sunlight capture are so great that its phase-in time is figured in decades.

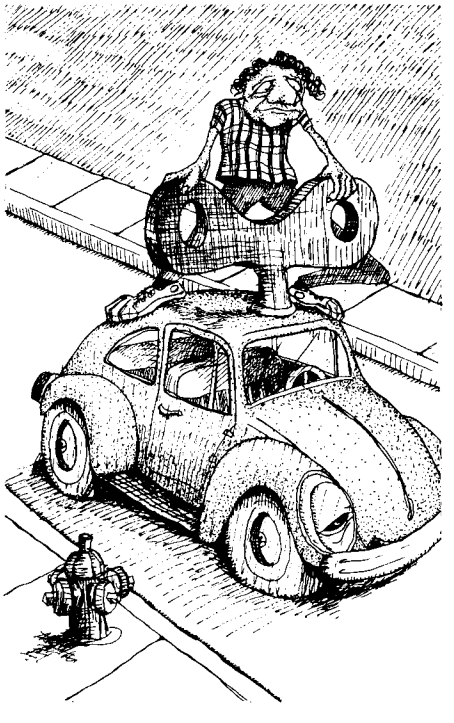
Now we can speculate on energy rationing. The giant sources of energy (fusion, solar, breeder) may be available to us in major percentages of our needs in fifty to one hundred years. But our oil and gas shortages will reach a climax in a decade. Foreign sources are insufficient, and synthetic fuels are not being developed rapidly enough. Clearly, we face a protracted energy crisis over several decades. Supplies will fall short of anticipated needs by at least 10 per cent and probably 30 per cent. That's enough to cause the economy to grind to a standstill. It may be partly started again by whatever body politic wins the attending revolution that will surely take place amid the ruins of the system and the bitterness of the people.

President Nixon has correctly analyzed the energy crisis. The President has called for greater employment of coal—but he failed to call for the funding of such programs. Senator Henry Jackson has recommended a $20-billion research program over ten years to develop synthetic fuels as well as fusion, fission, solar, and geothermal power, etc. The President is moving in the right direction with respect to coal, but too slowly.

Now let us turn to foreign affairs. The ultimate insufficiency of Middle Eastern oil will not retard the current scramble for producer-consumer partnerships. Iran has offered to sell her oil exclusively to Germany and Japan if they put up $2 billion of capital equipment and double oil production in six years. Saudi Arabia has offered to sell her oil exclusively to the U.S. if she is allowed to purchase ownership in fuel processing and distributing facilities in the U.S. Kuwait has offered to sell her oil exclusively to the EEC even though Japan is her present major customer. Libya wants all oil producers to retard oil production, as she has done to Europe, in order to force up prices and thus force Israel out of Western favor. Saudi Arabia (with more oil than all the others combined) has recently acceded to the strategy of threatening to hold down production to get higher prices and political concurrence from the West on the question of Israel. The Soviet Union is supporting a revolution in Yemen in order to use it as a base against King Faisal in Saudi Arabia.

Chemical Potential

The Middle East, in other words, is not a monolith; it is neither totally anti-West, nor is it totally anti-Communist. It is divided in purpose but united in the belief that oil is its magic carpet to industrialization. Even this is not true. Take Saudi Arabia: the country with the best oil to population ratio. If oil is used as a fuel at twice 1970 prices,



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the Saudi Arabians can expect about $3,000 per year per person for thirty years. That's not bad but it's not the European level. Also, while her oil will inflate in price, it will, because of its scarcity, become a commodity to be eschewed by her customers. Oil, then, if used as a fuel is short-lived, and will be unable to improve the lot of the people of the Middle East. It will become the source of international mischief. As a petrochemical, however, oil could last the Arab peoples a thousand years. Chemical and allied industries could create a highly educated middle class with a sophisticated economic infrastructure so that oil countries could fully participate in a larger common market. Forward-thinking Arab leaders should recognize oil's potential as a chemical. And leaders of other lands should recognize coal's importance in providing the energy base that would permit oil to be used as a petrochemical.

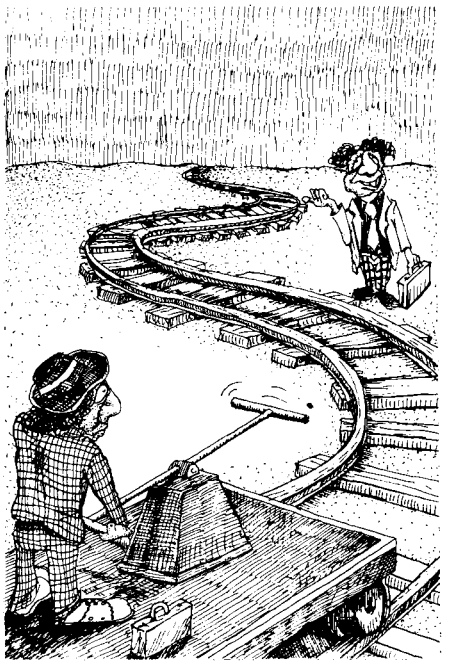
Return of the Iron Horse?

The scramble for partnerships is not limited to the Middle East. Japan sees that Kuwait may become unreliable. Kuwait has recently revised oil reserves downward from 60 billion to 20 billion barrels, because she is worried about running out of oil. The Soviet Union has offered to sell Siberian oil to Japan if Japan helps develop Soviet oil fields, pipelines, and port facilities. By 1980 Japan could be getting about a quarter of her needs from the USSR. Japan may be forced to gravitate to the Soviet Union as the Middle Eastern countries seek the giant market of the West.

An estrangement between the U.S. and Canada over energy seems to be brewing. Political leaders who would like to succeed Pierre Trudeau (e.g., Donald S. McDonald, Minister of Energy, Mines and Resources) oppose selling massive amounts of oil to the U.S. Canada has about half our volume of oil and gas but only one-tenth our population, so that, on a per capita basis, she is five times better off. Indeed, her oil and gas riches are equal to those of the USSR on a per capita basis. Should Canada export huge quantities of fuel to the United States, she would become energy-poor. The great influx of $50 to $80 billion over fifty years for exploration and development is viewed by some Canadians as an American takeover of their economy. John Turner, Minister of Finance, has warned that two of every three dollars in Canada are already controlled by the United States. He also is in the running for the Prime Minister's job. Trudeau, who narrowly won last year's election, was criticized for recommending participation with the U.S. in developing energy resources.

As President Nixon has so often stated, we cannot negotiate, with the Soviets or anyone else, from a position of weakness. He refers to military matters. But economic strength counts more than military strength in a cold war. We will be taking positions on international matters in these coming years when the whole world will know that our economy is energy-short. If we believe in negotiating from strength, we must resolve the energy crisis. We can't just squeak through the next decades with the "temporary shortages" the President urges we bear.

Relations among powerful nations take place at many levels. We may find a brain-drain occurring if our economy stagnates on limited fuel supplies. Canada will be attractive; her position is comparable to that of the U.S. at the turn of the century. If the EEC strikes better arrangements than the U.S. with the Middle East, talent will flow through the multinational corporations to Europe. This is already happening in the ammonia (fertilizer) business due to more plentiful supplies of methane in Europe. Saudi Arabia claims that she can produce steel at half-price by utilizing excess gas supplies that are normally flared-off at the wellhead. In short, if you become energy-poor you run out of heartbeat, not just out of breath.



We conclude, sadly, that inflation and fuel shortages are coming, that energy rationing is inevitable, and that the great trading blocs are going to compete with one another for energy sources. We believe this Administration should act on its own analysis of the situation: Coal can carry us to the nuclear and/or solar future; conservation of energy is imperative. There are three policies the Nixon Administration can follow with respect to conservation: 1) a fuel-efficiency act for the auto; 2) aid to railroads as the prime hauler of surface freight because of the railroads' fuel efficiency, and 3) a long-range plan to electrify part of the heating load. These three constitute 45 per cent of our energy budget.

When President Nixon called for energy conservation by the consumer, he put it on a voluntary basis. There will be labeling of home appliances and other devices that reveals their energy consumption. Presumably, higher energy prices in the free market will force consumers to conserve energy by restricting their activities and carefully selecting their appliances. This general area constitutes about 5 per cent of the energy budget. It's too small to matter, and too hard to control. The lion's share of the energy budget rests in transportation and heating.

In an era of synthetic fuels, which we must surely enter, it will be more fuel efficient to heat buildings electrically than to create synthetic gas or oil for heating. The electrification of heating can also be integrated with air conditioning and lighting to produce a "total energy system."

Now We Are Engaged . . .

Our energy future can be bright, but several developments must be concurrent. It is becoming clear that the necessary steps are not being taken. Government, the public, and industry are caught in a stand-off: All proposals from all groups are seen as self-serving.

This tremendous in-fighting both in and out of Washington is making it difficult for the Administration to implement fully its own analysis of what is the most vital domestic question to face the nation since the Civil War: energy. □

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A COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

The Calling of a Soldier

JEFFREY HART

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—and, particularly, members of the senior class—I am especially pleased to have this opportunity to say a few words—by way of congratulations—to those new officers in the United States Air Force and the United States Army.

I say that I am especially pleased. And part of the reason is that a few years ago my own college, Dartmouth, abandoned its own officer-training program.

I myself strenuously opposed that decision. I have no doubt that in due course it will be reversed. It was an act of great folly. It represented surrender to mob emotion and temporary frenzies.

I say a temporary frenzy. And yet I find that there persists, especially on the college campus—and even in our society or at least in important segments of it—an attitude of suspicion and hostility toward the American military services. I find that—especially on the college campus—there is a disturbing lack of comprehension of the necessity, the necessity but also the honor, of the military calling.

This seems to me a dangerous misunderstanding. Indeed, the atmosphere is such that some have been reminded of the atmosphere in England and France during the 1930s, an atmosphere that helped to lead to the defeat of France and the helplessness of England in the European phase of World War II.

This morning, therefore, I would like to say a few things about the military career, and its relation to Western culture, and about its moral and historical validity.

First of all, it is surely something of an anomaly that an attitude of hostility to the idea of a soldier should persist on the college campus and indeed among some intellectuals.

For, if any single individual can be said to symbolize intellect and education for the civilization of the West, to stand, indeed, at the fountainhead of the entire Western intellectual enterprise, that individual is surely the Athenian philosopher Socrates. It has often been said that the Socratic dialogues are the foundation of all Western philosophy. And Socrates was also a great teacher, devoting his life to pedagogy, and even, in the end, giving his life, becoming a martyr, to the vocation of teaching.

Yet Socrates, from the age of 18 on, was also a soldier. He first served the six-year enlistment normal for young Athenians. Later on, time and again, he served with the Athenian infantry —first under General Andocides in Megara, later at the siege of Potidaea, still later—as a middle-aged man—in the long war between Athens and Sparta.

I THINK there is a moral to be drawn from the fusion of philosopher and soldier in the person of Socrates. His Athens, the Athens of Pericles and of the great poets and playwrights, was one of the pinnacles of Western culture. Yet it was also surrounded by enemies. And no culture, no matter how great, no matter how sophisticated, can be preserved by its poets and playwrights alone.

Indeed, Socrates' role as a philosopher was curiously intertwined with his life as a soldier—and the two actually fuse oddly and even strangely in a famous episode during the siege of Potidaea.

It was a summer morning, there was not much to do in the Athenian camp —there had been a lull in the fighting. Then there was a buzzing of rumor, and the Athenian soldiers began to gather in a circle at Socrates' tent. Socrates was standing there, apparently in a kind of trance. Some said that he had been standing there that way since dawn. Attempts to get his attention failed completely.

He stood there, still as a stone, all day. When dark came, some of the soldiers brought mats and slept near him. They saw Socrates still standing there—silent—like a rock or a tree stump.

At dawn, some of the soldiers saw him move, then turn to the east. He raised his hands in a prayer to the rising sun.

Socrates never disclosed what he had been meditating on, or whether he had been in a trance. But he always spoke later of his philosophical quest as a mission from the gods; he also compared that mission to a soldier under orders; and it may be that during the lull in the siege of Potidaea, the founder of Western philosophy and Western education received his own orders from the gods.

It is generally understood that Western civilization has two principal sources. One is classical. We have just taken notice of the epitome of the classical tradition in the form of Socrates.

The other root of the West is Christian. And now I would like to consider very briefly the idea of the soldier in relation to the Christian tradition of the West.

I realize that some have drawn pacifist conclusions from the Christian documents and the Christian tradition. In my own view, this is a serious and even profoundly serious error.

There is little to sustain such a view, whether you consider Scripture, the writings of the Church Fathers, or even the calendar of saints. Franciscan gentleness is not the only saintly quality. Thomas More was a statesman. Ignatius Loyola, an ex-soldier, ran the Jesuits like a clerical army.

It is true that the focus of the four Gospels is not on politics, but beyond politics and even beyond the world to the destiny of the soul. They would therefore not be thought to offer much guidance on the day-to-day relations of states and nations, relations involving power, sometimes the use of force.

Nevertheless, one of the striking things about these four Gospels is their moral realism. Their atmosphere is not one in which illusion easily survives. There is nothing sentimental about them or their central figure. And when we consider some features of them, they do illuminate the day-to-day world of power politics in which we necessarily exist.

Consider the familiar parable of the

(Continues on page 751)

Mr. Hart is a professor of English at Dartmouth, and a senior editor of NR.

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EVERYTHING THAT'S FIT TO READ

What books will be reviewed; how they're chosen; who gets to do the reviewing; the importance of a TBR *review to sales: In sum, an inside look at how the nation's most important book section operates*

An Interview with John Leonard

NEAL B. FREEMAN

JOHN LEONARD is Editor of the *New York Times Book Review* (*TBR*). To anybody involved in the world of books that title carries a special resonance. *TBR* is where books are born, confirmed, and (frequently) buried. While it would be overstating the case to say that *TBR* reviews are to books what *Times* drama criticism is to theater, the comparison is only slightly misdrawn. The relationship, in the eyes of many authors and publishers, is that of the knife to the throat. It belongs to *TBR* to "discover" the small fascinations as well as the full-sized talents, to capsize the otherwise clear-sailing volume, to make or break the marginal book. According to a reasonably objective third party—the *Wall Street Journal*—a favorable review in *TBR* is worth an additional five thousand copies in sales. When you consider that many trade books never sell a *total* of five thousand copies you get a contextual feel for the statistic.

A favorable review in *TBR* is not an easy thing to come by. Consider. There are approximately thirty thousand new titles published every year in this country. In a good year, *TBR* will "preview" fifteen thousand of those new books, ignoring completely the pulp Westerns, self-help and inspirational material, porn, and most science fiction. Of the fifteen thousand it previews it will select perhaps two thousand for review in the magazine. A majority of those reviews will be either negative or "minor" (with almost all crime stories, essay collections, and selected sf falling in the latter category).

Some books do manage to survive without benefit of *TBR* sacraments. Mr. Bach's seagull sailed by unnoticed and Rod McKuen's poems, Mr. Leonard tells us, will continue to escape *TBR*'s

attention. Likewise the ineffable Mr. Robbins and the effable Miss Susann. The diet book from the good Dr. Atkins, so unfavorably reviewed by physicians and formerly healthy readers, was never passed on by *TBR*. But these are well-remembered accidents of history, exceptions that don't disprove the rule. A favorable review in *TBR* is considered a must for most books. Why? It helps in several ways. It energizes the promotional circuits to begin with. The *TBR* review will be quoted in advertising campaigns. Its basic judgment will be paraphrased in lesser media—sincere forms of flattery. The review will also be noted carefully by the bookseller, who will use it as an analytical tool in projecting sales and in placing stock orders. When the *Times*' gumshoes come sniffing around to determine which lucky books will be awarded a place on the weekly best-seller list, there is perhaps a natural tendency for the bookseller to be diverted by the tallest pile of unsold books.

THUS *TBR* not only evaluates the quality of new and reissued books, it assesses their quantitative success as well. The *TBR* best-seller list is the most widely followed index of sales volume and exerts enormous influence on both the general public and the book trade. To the reading public, it is a de facto book club, signaling its membership which "selections" should be read. To the book trade—authors, agents, publishers, booksellers—it is an abstract from the table of standard weights and measures. It is one definition of reality. (It is not uncommon for book contracts to be hinged to the *TBR* best-seller list, with incremental payments for subsidiary rights geared to the number of weeks a book appears on the list.)

In the editor's chair at *TBR*, within fondling distance of these power levers, sits John Leonard. A remarkable young man who, it says here, prepared for his present job as an editorial assistant at NATIONAL REVIEW and as a programing aide at Pacifica Radio, a broadcast operation sufficiently left-wing to arouse congressional curiosity from time to time. He is also the author of several novels, each of them stunningly written but, if memory serves, unenthusiasti-

Mr. Freeman is an editor and vice president of King Features.

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cally reviewed by *TBR*. Leonard takes himself and his responsibilities seriously. We put some questions to him.

FREEMAN: Your predecessor, Francis Brown, once said that a book-review editor "shouldn't have too many friends," if he wanted to maintain an independent magazine. You don't seem to have followed his advice.

LEONARD: Difficult. Brownie had his friends too: They happened mostly to be historians and other worthies of his peer group, and not novelists, younger literary critics, younger political essayists and polemicists, etc. So you didn't notice them as much. I find I'm now going to far fewer cocktail parties than I did a couple of years ago, not to avoid making new friends, but because I'm wheeled in on castors as an "institution," to be courted or abused, and cease to be much of an individual, and resent it even though I know it's unavoidable. But this must be taken into account: The friends I have I've made in the past five years in New York. I didn't know any of them before. We became friends because I admired the way their minds and their prose styles worked; naturally I would want them in any magazine I edited.

Your personal and your professional life tend to elide in this job, as they would, say, at NATIONAL REVIEW. You really think about nothing else except the writing and the writers you admire. There's bound to be a reciprocal relationship. Your friends also help you in determining where the bodies are buried (old animosities, don't let them review each other; old friendships, ditto)—needed information. The key to professionalism here is that you don't bend over backward to favor your friends when *their* books come out. You seek a neutral reviewer, and you live with that reviewer's assessment.

For instance: Joyce Carol Oates is a friend of mine. We became friends after my review of *Them* in the daily *Times*. Since I've been Editor of the *TBR*, four of her books have been published: a novel, short stories, essays, poems. All have gotten very negative reviews. This pains her and it pains me, but she understands it, and she even continues to write for me. There are a couple of ex-friends who don't feel the same way. I can't help that. There is no way not to have friends if you're psychologically healthy; but you can't edit for them, or bend the rules in their behalf.

IT WAS different as a daily reviewer, or at least I thought it was. That was a personal column, with my byline and my prejudices. If a friend of mine wrote a book, either I would praise it (if I liked it, of course) or ignore it (if I didn't like it). As a cultural bureaucrat now, I can't do that.

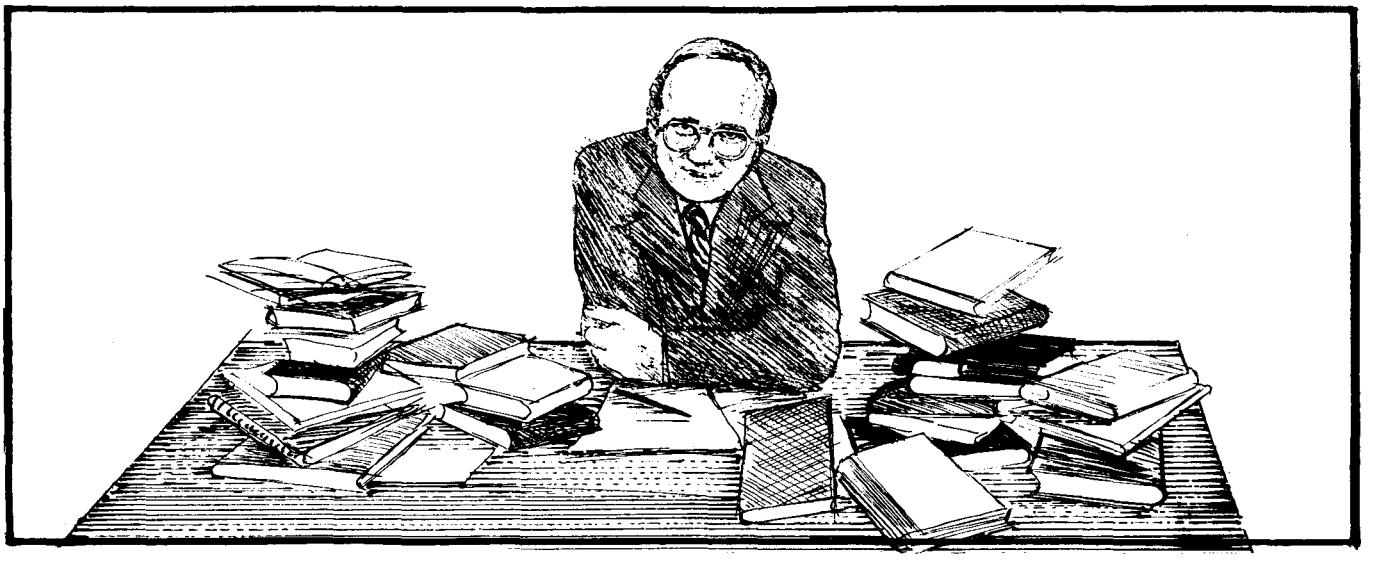
FREEMAN: Okay, but you said once that you "give the benefit of the doubt to people you meet at the water cooler" in selecting books for review. Between *Times* people who write books and *Times* subsidiaries that publish books, there must be quite a number of people benefiting from your doubt.

LEONARD: Either I said that as a daily reviewer, or I meant by it a respectful "preview" of a book to be considered for review. Not a firm commitment. If you will talk to Quadrangle, you will find them furious: They think I'm prejudiced against them because they are owned by the *Times*. Talk to Marty Tolchin, Alden Whitman, and a dozen other *Times*men who didn't get their books reviewed at all . . . alas. Life is difficult around the water cooler. If anything, I'm now bending over backward to avoid playing up *Times*-related books. No more Brooks Atkinson, Schonberg, Sulzberger tomes on page one . . . Margaret Truman Daniel ended up there despite my resolve, and only because it was clear her father would die soon (two days after the issue appeared) and because there weren't any other books available then worthy of page one, *and* the review was unfavorable to the book. My own new book (in April, a collection of criticism) was not reviewed in the *TBR*. Isadore Barmash's book . . . no. Hilton Kramer's, no. The *Times* books get the same look as the others. But we're very sensitive on this issue.

FREEMAN: *TBR* under your editorship has become more free-swinging—your reviewers tear into books with real gusto, sometimes with viciousness. As a semiretired novelist,* do you view this trend as healthy? Does it improve the state of the writing art?

LEONARD: Yes. Books being taken seriously, as an important part of the cultural weather, instead of being the object of obituaries, is good for all writers and all writing. It's the difference between *Consumer Reports* and a public-relations pamphlet or a TV ad. What's in books affects our moral and

*I stand corrected on Leonard's status as a semiretired novelist. He has a new novel due out next October.



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political lives, as well as our aesthetic satisfactions. That calls for seriousness, enthusiasm, anger. Anything that creates excitement about books is healthy for literature. If writers aren't writing to be taken seriously, personally, culturally, they probably aren't very good.

FREEMAN: If my arithmetic is correct, each of your editors must read more than a dozen books each week. Are all of those books being taken seriously?

LEONARD: Some books get a more thorough reading than others, naturally. Oddly enough, books by important, well-known writers may be read less carefully: The writer's a known quality; he *must* be reviewed; and it's easy enough to have a notion who would be fresh, interesting, and intelligent on his newest, without having read more than a chapter. You get around to reading the book all the way through later on, at your leisure. First novels are taken seriously indeed. So are books we've been tipped off on by respected editors and other writers. We also subscribe to all the previewing services, to double-check our intuitive feelings: *Publishers Weekly*, Kirkus, *Library Journal*. If they rave about an unknown that we've dismissed, we give it another look.

But really, all the editors are rapid, intelligent readers; they are paid to do nothing but read three days out of the week; and they are serious enough about their jobs to take them (and books) home with them. As a daily reviewer, I had no difficulty reading twenty books a week. It's actually almost impossible for a good book to go unnoticed, since the cultural bureaucrats—so many of us whose only excuse for being around is "discovering" talent—with the keys in their backs are always in whirring motion. Find, find, find . . . For instance: I "discovered" D. Keith Mano long before Bill Buckley, on the basis of "previewing" his first novel, *Bishop's Progress*, about five years ago, getting excited, insisting on a major review (by R. V. Cassill), and immediately pressing Mano to write for the *Book Review*.

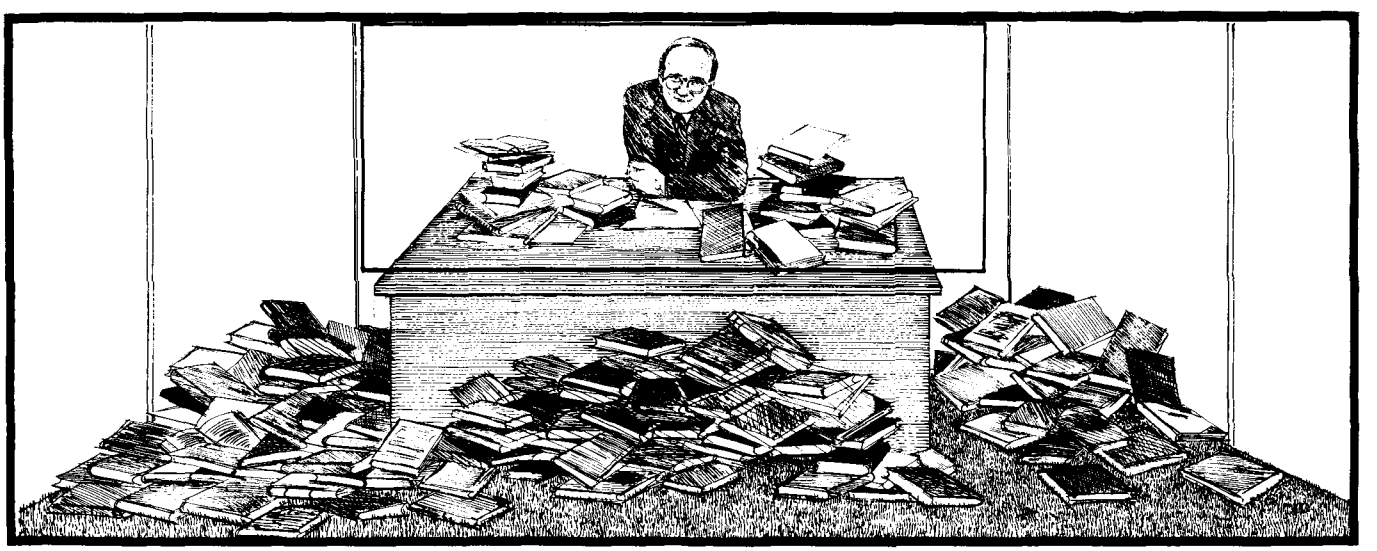
FREEMAN: Garry Wills has referred to the "open secret" that *TBR* owes a large debt to NATIONAL REVIEW. Could you describe that debt, if there is one?

LEONARD: Not exactly a secret: I wrote a letter that *NR* uses as a promotional piece, talking about the writers Bill Buckley discovered in *NR* that I've begged, borrowed, or stolen. On a deeper level, I'm indebted to the atmosphere Bill created at *NR* while I was there. The pick-up picnics that substituted for staff meetings; the encouraging of the staff to enter into the decision-making at every level of assignment and production; the sense that everybody working for you knows *why* you are doing something, and feels free to argue against it; the blending of office life into social life—I've adopted all these aspects of *NR* procedure as I remember it to *TBR* procedure as it is now, with happy results. It wasn't that way before I became editor; and it wouldn't be that way now if I hadn't enjoyed the *NR* stint.

Also important: Bill's willingness to take a chance on unknown writers on the basis of one or two obscure articles discovered in some unlikely place. That was important to me, to Wills, to Joan Didion, even to Renata Adler. It encourages me now to take chances on the basis of a first novel, or a review in *Commonweal* or the *Village Voice* or elsewhere: sometimes with disastrous consequences, but often with marvelous results. I've been criticized for introducing a lot of strange people into the columns of the *TBR*; all I can say is that many of them won't be so strange a couple of years from now. I have a vivid memory of the period between my leaving *NR* (in 1960) and my coming to the *Times* (in 1967). There wasn't a chance in hell of being published then in *Esquire*, *Life*, *Atlantic*, or the *Times*. I was a stranger. Now, after the institutional certification ("he's all right") of the *Times*, I've published in all of them. So what I'm doing as an editor is trying to speed up the institutional-certificatory process. If he or she can write, then, dammit, let him or her write for *me*.

To return to the first point: The office atmosphere must be wholly open. Mutual respect. It's ultimately my responsibility, and I'm going to disappoint people I like, but they will know exactly why I'm doing it. We've got to enjoy what we're doing together. I've got to listen. It worked at *NR*; it works now. I look forward to going to work in the morning, and I think most of the *TBR* staff does, too.

FREEMAN: So much for the debt to *NR*. *Publishers Weekly* has said *TBR*'s stance under your editorship is "clearly more liberal" than under your predeces-



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sor. Aside from the Neil Sheehan piece on "war crime" books, do you regard *PW*'s comment as accurate?

LEONARD: No. It was always liberal, still is, like most of the constituency it serves—that old Eastern seaboard again. But if you were to sit down and make a list of a lot of liberal enthusiasms—as generally perceived—you might be surprised at the way we've dealt with them in reviews. For instance, Marcuse. The Club of Rome doomsaying. Development of nuclear power for peace-time purposes. Youth culture—the Roszak antiscientism. McLuhan. Communes. Drugs in general. We go back and forth on the revisionist historians. Wilson. Carey McWilliams contradicted Sheehan on war crimes in Vietnam. Kindliness toward Ezra Pound. Insistence on black writing being reviewed on the basis of whether it's any good or not, not on the basis of the skin color of the author. Joan Didion on women's lib, etc.

I DON'T like mindlessness, anti-intellectualism, chemical ecstasies, terrorism, group-grope, and so on. A Puritan liberal, married, with two children . . . all this is obvious.

FREEMAN: What about the sheer weight of New York as a publishing center. I believe that 90 per cent of all trade books are published in New York. Are thoughtful people at *TBR* concerned about cultural incest?

LEONARD: Very much so. That's why we've started reviewing many more small-press books published in the most implausible places. And university-press books. And, God help us, even pseudo-books published by the Government Printing Office. But so long as most of the trade books are published in New York, most of the trade books we review are going to be New York trade books. Added to which is the fact that 90 per cent of our circulation is on the Eastern seaboard. If I could change that, then I could go after the ad dollar, if there is one, elsewhere. As it is, the ad dollar is 90 per cent Eastern seaboard, and every time we review small, uni, and pseudo books, it's at the expense of New York trade.

One thing to remember: Just like all institutions, the book trade is national, in that its lists consist of authors from all over. Not incest, simply the location. Like Paris. Nixon lives in Washington because that's where Presidents live, his people aren't Washingtonians: They are tenants in the house of power. Like writers in the catalogues of publishers. Writers and Cabinet members come from all over, and one of the ways politics and trade-book publishing survive is by ransacking the world for talent.

FREEMAN: Let's talk about ransacking. On a scale of one to ten—one being outright fraud and ten being pristine honesty—how would you grade the reliability of the *TBR* best-seller list?

LEONARD: I'd say about seven or eight. We spend about $26,000 a year to collect the information. There are some books—diet books, inspirational books, perennials like Rod McKuen and Gibran, the Bible, etc.—that bookstores simply don't report to us, probably because they don't need us to help sell those books. I would guess that there are instances when a bookseller reports as selling a book he *wants* to sell because he's over-stocked; as I would suspect there's occasional laziness—reporting what you reported last week, or just guessing, instead of really doing an inventory. But by and large the list seems accurately to reflect the sales of major trade books. We don't differ all that much from the best-seller lists in *Publishers Weekly*, *Time*, United Press, and so on. They get the same complaints we do.

FREEMAN: How about the actual selling of books. How would you assess the relative clout—in terms of sales impact—of *TBR*, the *Today Show*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, Dick Cavett, and Johnny Carson?

LEONARD: Depends on the book. We could all get together on certain books and they would still die. My impression is that, for a book with a built-in appeal to lots and lots of people, the *Today Show* has enormous clout. By the same token, for that same book—Anne Morrow Lindbergh, David Halberstam, Eudora Welty—a front-page review in the *TBR* gets them off and running well; if we buried them inside, they might limp some, but ultimately the audience is there. We're certainly not capable of "selling" as many books as *Today* or Carson, but the books *Today* and Carson sell are going to sell anyway, have in fact sold, or the authors wouldn't be on *Today* or Carson. Cavett, because he gives the author more time to talk about his book and why he wrote it, can probably help a marginal book considerably: A weird combination of literature and show biz obtains.

Time and *Newsweek* help in a context of other reviews, advertising, promotion. The only way they can make or break a book is by putting the author on the cover, and even then it's usually after the fact of success: Joyce Carol Oates, Bach's goddamned seagull, etc. Actually, there aren't any instruments to measure clout. We struggle along because authors and publishers feel that reviews of their books (and ads for them) in the *TBR* are what literary respectability is all about. The book-buying habits of the nation have changed so enormously that no one can predict or manipulate or control them. Fifty per cent of the dollar volume in book sales is out on the West Coast, and that's everything from broadsheets to survival manuals to mysticism to self-help in an Esalen bathtub.

FREEMAN: Even so, your own power, institutionally, is enormous. In your own mind, do you consider yourself to be dooming a book to an anonymous death when you deny it a review?

LEONARD: I'm not quite that arrogant. I know that there's a statistical likelihood of hurt feelings and partial death if a book doesn't make our pages: a serious book, I mean, with a special but limited audience. I think there's also a statistical likelihood that we made the right decision, at least given our manpower, our energy, the elements of chance. At least the book exists, in the Library of Congress, on the bookshelf of the author; it might be rediscovered. I can't do to a book what Clive Barnes can do to a play.

But I try not to think about it much. The trouble is, it's just as hard to write a bad book as a good one. I do arrogate to myself the idea that I—and the staff—am capable of discerning the difference—on a literary scale. On a human scale, the poor bastard who spent five years writing a book that we didn't think so hot obviously suffers. His suffering is as real whether or not the book was lukewarm. However, my job is to deal with the books, not with the suffering. The distances involved are, I think, less crucial than those involved in the relationship, say, between a patient, his disease, and his surgeon. There are occasional night-shrieks, sure: I *know* how it feels. But I have to live and work among the likelihoods . . . □

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LETTER FROM SANTIAGO

Arming for the Future

NENA OSSA

As THE Chilean parliament elected in March convened May 21, it was difficult for observers to assess what was going on, to chart where the country was moving. We Chileans are living in a surrealist world. Consider some of the following: *Item:* The President, Salvador Allende, has to enter one of his own ministries through the service entrance in order to talk to rebellious workers who have locked the principal entrance to dramatize their case for closing the parliament that is just now reopening. *Item:* The Director of the University of Chile, a Christian Democrat, is kept from addressing the students of that university over the university's own TV channel because the station has been taken over by extreme leftists. The Director then applies to the Rector of the Catholic University, another Christian Democrat, for permission to use his TV outlet, and is refused. Finally, he is allowed on the air on the government's own TV channel, which is in Marxist hands. *Item:* Raúl Silva Henriquez, Cardinal of Santiago, fails for the first time to attend labor's traditional May 1 celebrations, and no one notices. *Item:* The military establishment that comes to the aid of a Marxist ruler when the country is on the verge of revolution (which was the case last October) and tides him over the worst of the winter months, in effect helping him to win the parliamentary elections, then allows itself to be eased out of power.

What, above all, is General Carlos Prats, the commander in chief of the armed forces and the man directly responsible for saving Allende last October, up to now in the, for Chile, not so very merry month of May?

Before leaving on a trip to the United States, Europe, and the Soviet Union, General Prats told a news conference that his mission was to buy arms for the Chilean armed forces. As a military man he stressed that Chile has not acquired any arms in the last four years although when the copper mines were nationalized, a certain percentage of their profits had been earmarked for the military. This never materialized because 1) the government used the money for other purposes and 2) the copper mines aren't making any profits. (The strike in the El Teniente mines, Chile's largest, is now over two months old. Chile has had to suspend its copper exports.)

Arms are needed. Both Bolivia and Peru were forced to cede certain territories to Chile in a recent border war. Bolivia is acting bellicosely about those lost territories; and in Peru, of late, there has been a dramatic buildup of forces by the military government. The question involved for most patriotic Chileans is not *whether* Chile should buy arms, but from *whom*. If Prats fails to obtain credit in North America—understandably, considering the economic chaos in Chile that, combined with inflation (up 34.4 per cent in the first four months of 1973), has cut sharply into Chile's reserves—he may have to turn to the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia. This would mean drastic changes in the equipment of the Chilean army, restructuring, new training, and, of far more significance, a greater dependence on the Soviet bloc.

THERE's also that building going up in one of Santiago's most elegant suburbs. It's the new Soviet embassy and will be the largest Soviet embassy in the Western Hemisphere. Does this mean that Chile, which has the diplomatic ties with the rest of South and Central America that Cuba lacks, will replace Cuba as the principal American outpost of the KGB? Will "technicians" be arriving soon from the Soviet Union, as they did in Cuba, as they did in Egypt, to train Chilean soldiers in the maintenance of Soviet-supplied tanks and planes?

Then there is the trouble in the streets. Senator Altamirano, until recently the Secretary of the Chilean Socialist Party, has betaken himself to Moscow—for reasons of health. But with or without Altamirano, Allende has to deal with his revolutionary cohorts. Altamirano was, after all, the head of the principal party in Allende's shaky governing coalition.

Allende wants a close friend and associate of his, Clodomiro Almeyda, until recently the Foreign Minister, to be elected Secretary General of the Socialist Party at its next convention. This would put Almeyda in line for the presidency in the 1976 elections as Allende's candidate (providing, of course, Chile still has elections by '76).

Almeyda's job will not be easy. The grass roots of the party, under Altamirano's sway, wants the parliament out and a general assembly of the people put in its place. "There isn't the slightest doubt," says Alberto Galvez, head of the union that barricaded the front door of the Ministry of Public Works, "that if the president calls us we shall overwhelm not only the Congress and *El Mercurio* [the opposition newspaper] but also the appeals bodies, the courts, and the armed forces. If it should come to civil war, the workers will prevail over the reactionary institutions." Declarations like these give the lie to the Marxist assertion that it is the centrist and rightist opposition that threatens civil war in Chile.

Those who have watched hatred grow in Chile, who have seen the dead and wounded students who tried to protest the radicalization of their schools, know that it isn't adolescents who are responsible for the disruptions in the center of Santiago that led to a state of emergency in April. When the left militants appear on the streets these days, they are in command. "The streets belong to the Left," they cry. And in fact, they do. When the Left parades, the opposition stays home.

It is ironic that the Soviet Union should have awarded Salvador Allende the Lenin Peace Prize during the very days of violent protest in Santiago in April, a protest, by the way, by the people against the factional system of food distribution which the Marxists were trying to foist on the public. If a peace prize had to be given, surely it should have gone to the armed forces for the skill with which it held Chile together at Allende's request from last fall to early spring. □

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CONSUMERISM

Truth in Teaching

GEORGE STIGLER

THE FUTURE is obscure, even to men of strong vision, and one would perhaps be wiser not to shoot arrows into it. For the arrows will surely hit targets that were never intended. Witness the arrow of consumerism.

It started simply enough: Various people—and especially a young man named Nader—found automobiles less safe than they wished, and quite possibly than you would have wished. They demanded and in a measure obtained, if not safer cars, at least cars that were ostensibly safer. A considerable and expensive paraphernalia of devices became obligatory in new cars. These zealous patrons of the public furthermore insisted that defective products be corrected, and that damage arising in spite of the most conscientious efforts of the manufacturer should be his financial responsibility. Similar arrows were soon launched at a score of nonvehicular industries.

This quiver of truth and safety-minded arrows was thrown for a time at perfectly appropriate targets—businessmen accustomed to public abuse, who were naturally able to charge their customers for any amount of safety, frequent and successful lawsuits, and obloquy. But the arrows of reform pass through—if they hit at all—the targets at which they are aimed, and in 1973 they hit a professor. Evil day!

In that year a young man named Dascomb Henderson, a graduate of Harvard Business School ('69), and recently discharged as assistant treasurer of a respectable-sized corporation, sued his alma mater for imparting instruction since demonstrated to be false. This instruction—we may omit here its explicit and complex algebraic formulation—concerned the proper investment of working capital. One of Mr. Henderson's teachers at the Harvard school, a Professor Plessek, had thoroughly sold his students upon a sure-fire method of predicting short-term interest-rate movements, based upon a predictive equation incorporating recent movements of the difference between high- and low-quality bond prices, the stock of money (Plessek had a Chicago PhD), the number of "everything is under control" speeches given by governors of the Federal Reserve Board in the previous quarter, and the full-employment deficit. It was established in the trial that the equation had worked tolerably well for the period 1960-68 (and Henderson was exposed to this evidence in Plessek's course in the spring of 1969), but the data for 1969 and 1970, once analyzed, made it abundantly clear that the equation was capable of grotesquely erroneous predictions. Assistant Treasurer Henderson, unaware of these later results, played the long-term bond market with his corporation's surplus cash, and in the process the cash lost its surplus character. He was promptly discharged, learned of the decline of the Plessek model, and sued.

This was a new area of litigation and Henderson's attorney deliberately pursued several lines of attack, in the hope that one would find favor with the court:

1. Professor Plessek had not submitted his theory to sufficient empirical tests: Had he tried it for the decade of the 1950s, he would have had less confidence in it.

2. Professor Plessek did not display proper scientific caution: Henderson's class notes recorded the sentence: "I'll stake my reputation as an econometrician that this model will not [engage in intercourse with] a portfolio manager." This was corroborated with a different verb by a classmate's notes.

3. Professor Plessek should have notified his former students once the disastrous performance of his theory in 1969 and 1970 became known.

4. Harvard University was grossly negligent in retaining (and hence certifying the professional competence of) an assistant professor whose work had received humiliating professional criticism (*Journal of Business*, April 1972). Instead he had been promoted to associate professor in 1972.

The damages asked for were $500,000 for impairment of earning power and $200,000 for humiliation.

Harvard and Professor Plessek asked for dismissal of the suit, as frivolous and unfounded. Universities and teachers could not be held responsible for honest errors, or all instruction would be brought to a stop. Universities and professors could not be asked to disseminate new knowledge to previous students—this would be intolerably costly. In the lower court these defenses prevailed, and Judge MacIntosh (Harvard, LLB, '38) asserted that university instruction and publication were preserved from such attacks by the First Amendment, the principle of academic freedom, an absence of precedent for such a complaint, and the established unreliability of academic lectures. On appeal, however, Judge Howlson (Yale, LLB, '40) remanded the case for trial on the merits, and in the course of reversing Judge MacIntosh's decision, remarked: "It seems paradoxical beyond endurance to rule that a manufacturer of shampoos may not endanger a student's scalp but a premier educational institution is free to stuff his skull with nonsense."

As the reader will know, Harvard and Professor Plessek won the case on the merits, but by a thin and foreboding margin. Only the facts that 1) the Plessek equation, as of 1969, looked about as good as most such equations, and 2) the plaintiff could not reasonably be expected to be informed of the failure of the equation as soon as two years after it was discovered—the lag in publication alone is this long—excused the errant professor. As for Harvard, it would have shared responsibility for the undisputed damage to the plaintiff if Plessek had been of slightly lesser quality. So held the court of last resort, in a decision that university professors read as carefully as they would a hostile book review.

The university world received the decision with what an elderly Englishman would call concern, and I would call pandemonium. Professional schools—medicine as well as business—were quick to realize its implications. Within a breathless three weeks, a professor at Cornell's medical school had sent an explicit retraction of his treatment of

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Parkinson's disease to the last ten years' graduates of the school. This proved to be only the first of a torrent of such actions, but well before that torrent had climaxed, at least 95 suits against universities and teachers had been filed. Along with the "callbacks," as the retractions were called in honor of their automobile antecedents, the learned journals were flooded with statements of "errata" and confessions of error. A fair number of academic reputations fell suddenly and drastically.

The subsequent, explosively rapid expansion of litigation directed to error in teaching is not for this nonlegal writer to report. Many years and cases were required before a reasonably predictable set of rights and responsibilities could be established, and a man may find much to anger himself in these cases, whatever his position. That the lazy or stupid student was entitled to an exhaustive explanation for his failure in a course (*Anderson* v. *Regents*, 191 Cal. 426) was an intolerably expensive aberration—especially when the teacher was required to present a tape recording of the explanation. That a professor could not be held responsible for error in a field where truth and error frequently exchanged identities (*Neal* v. *Department of Sociology*, 419 Mich. 3), on the other hand, inevitably raised a challenge to that field to justify its existence. Rather than pursue either the main line of decisions or the aberrations, it seems preferable to look at the eventual effects of "truth in teaching" upon the universities. A conscientious observer must be cautious in his interpretation of the effects—even though the present essay is clearly exempt from challenge (*President Bowen* v. *Assistant Professor Holland*, 329 N.J. 1121, a tenure case)—so the following remarks are best viewed as plausible hypotheses.

In general, the new responsibility rested heavily upon those most able to bear it: Those fields in which classification of given material as true or excusably false *v.* inexcusably false was easiest to establish with near unanimity. Theological schools were virtually exempted, and, oddly enough, also computer science. Mathematics was exempted because one could always look up the answer, and political science because one couldn't. The branch of economics dealing with how to enrich a new nation (economic development was the title) was actually forbidden by the courts, on the ground that no university could pay for the damage its teachers did.

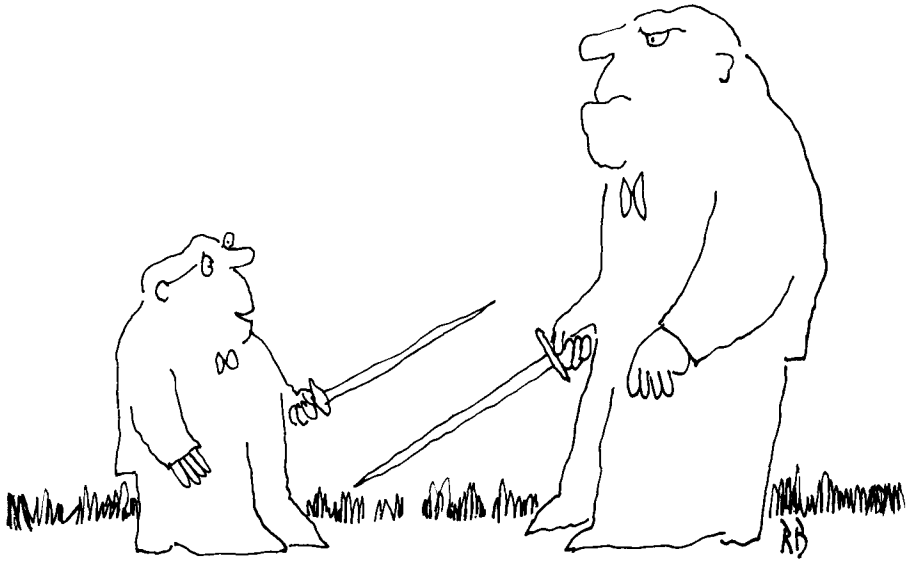
In those subjects where "truth in teaching" bore most heavily—those where incorrect knowledge was costly and demonstrable, as medicine, chemistry, and tax law—the classroom became a very different place. Students were *forbidden* by most universities to take notes, which were supplied by the teacher, and the sneaky device of a tape recorder with hidden microphone was combatted vigorously, if not always successfully. Harvard's defense proved to have content: Teachers were unwilling to introduce new ideas; but it can be argued that the net balance was favorable: Much ancient nonsense also vanished and courses often were completed in two weeks.

The learned journals underwent a remarkable transformation. Let me quote the introductory paragraph of an article on the nature of short-run price fluctuations in commodity prices (*Review of Economics and Statistics*, August 1978):

> The present essay presents a theory, with corroborating though inadequate evidence, that there is a set of nonrandom short-run movements in the price of "wheat." (The actual commodity analyzed is secret but will be revealed to professors on written waiver of responsibility.) The present essay is concerned only with methodology. Only the crudest beginning has been made, and it would be irresponsibly rash to venture money on the hypothesis. Also, the hypothesis is virtually identical with Reslet's (1967); I contribute chiefly a more powerful statistical technique (due to S. Stigler, 1973), which has its own limitations. The regressions have been calculated three times, on different computers, with similar results.[1] The author will welcome, but not be surprised at, valid criticisms of the paper.

Footnote 1 referred to a note inserted by the editor of the *Review*: "The Board of Overseers of Harvard University expresses concern at the measure of nonrandomness in the residuals, which, if the author were a Harvard professor, would require a full departmental review of the manuscript." No wonder one scholar complained that there was more warning against reading his article than against smoking marijuana cigarettes!

The longer-term effects of "truth in teaching" are another story, which I shall not seek even to summarize here. The historic step was the creation in 1981 of the Federal Bureau of Academic Reading, Writing, and Research (ARWR). This body soon established licenses for participation in scholarly activities, and the license became a prima facie defense against the charge of incompetence. No university that employed an unlicensed teacher could receive federal grants, which by 1985 averaged 99.7 per cent of university revenue. A fortunate byproduct of this reform was the exclusion of Communists, classical liberals, foreigners, and men under 36 from the licensed fields of scholarship, and of statisticians from law schools. But, to repeat, this is another story. □



"You wouldn't prefer to exchange invectives at ten paces, would you?"

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MICHAEL GAZZANIGA

Free Will and Religion

JESUS FREAKS, voodoo cults, materialism, mysticism, rank humanism—all are manifestations of a people desperately wanting to believe in something. The average student today, with his education paid for, and his every sensual want instantly realized, feels the inevitable need to look for some deeper meaning in life; and with huge amounts of free time, students are casting about for a belief system. In the past such a state of affairs would have led a certain percentage into investigation of Judaism or Christianity, but this avenue is largely rejected today for it is believed science and religion are at odds with each other and cannot be reconciled.

The basic problem is that the traditional view of man as a morally responsible agent personally accountable for his individual actions is thought to be obsolete because of what is now known about the scientific nature of both the universe and man himself. The new knowledge is called "scientific determinism."

In brief, the idea as applied to man is that as the behavior of atomic particles is locked into a causal chain of physical forces, so is man. A man's actions are predetermined and as a result he isn't responsible for his actions; these actions are the irrevocable output of a variety of predetermined environmental inputs. Sirhan Sirhan, for example, is not personally responsible for killing Robert F. Kennedy. His act was the unavoidable product of his life's history.

Scientific determinism pervades modern thought. Most governmental social programs have at their core the notion that society, not the individual, is the responsible force in the community. In social-service programs, for example, the idea of personal responsibility is eroded by letting the state assume responsibility for maintaining life. This should be done, it is asserted, because the individual is merely responding in a mechanical way to the problem of the environment—that is, of society at large. In criminal law, while the jurisprudence system was established in the traditional framework of personal responsibility, most criminal defenses now are based on the idea that when a crime occurs it is society that is guilty, not the individual felon. The criminals "can't help themselves" because of conditions in society.

The crucial issue in all of this is, "Is man truly free to choose between life's alternatives?" Is there any scientific reason for us now to cast aside the idea of free will, which is surely the central dogma of Western civilization—of Christianity? Have physics, chemistry, biology, and psychology shown that man is so much a part of the physical universe and guided by its laws that it is now meaningless to talk about personal responsibility? In short, is our sense of being free in our decision-making only an illusion?

The answer is a simple and flat no. There isn't one word in the entire body of scientific literature that argues against a man's believing in free will. With the way cleared here, holding a religious view of life becomes a matter of personal choice that can in no way be invalidated by science.

What is at stake is the theoretical question: If a super-psychiatrist-computer knew the exact physical state of my mind prior to a decision I was about to make, wouldn't it be absolutely able to predict my subsequent behavior?

There is one man who has puzzled this question both with brilliance and clarity. Professor D. M. MacKay of Keele University in England lays out his view in a fascinating essay, "Freedom of Action in a Mechanistic Universe" (The Eddington Lecture, 1967, Cambridge University). The argument is so clever and powerful that it has paralyzed some determinists beyond their ability to reply.

MacKay is a physicist-philosopher turned neurophysiologist and handles all the issues involved with ease. His point is: Even though the brain may be considered as mechanical as clockwork, no person or thing can make a prediction about another's behavior that is binding upon the individual. This is true because the moment the prediction is made, the predictor's assessment of the state of his subject's brain is out of date as a result of the subject hearing the prediction. As the predictor tries to adjust for this, the problem becomes much like a dog chasing its own tail. By trying to compensate for the prediction, the predictor never finds himself with a full and complete description of his subject's brain activity.

But what about the case where the super-psychiatrist doesn't tell his subject his prediction and instead writes it down and seals it in an envelope? The next day he says, "Look here, I exactly predicted what you were going to do." As MacKay reasons this still raises no problem. Here the question becomes—would the subject be in error to believe that on the preceding day he had not been free to choose X or Y at time A? MacKay concedes the prediction was valid for the predictor. But this does not mean it was a *true* proposition, for if it was a true proposition in the common scientific sense of the word, it could be set before anyone at any time. If that was done, of course, it would put us back into the first described case.

THUS, we are faced with a new and special problem. MacKay shows that the subject's belief that he was acting freely, i.e., that no super predictor could make a prediction binding upon him, was not an illusion but that also the predictor's belief that he was correctly predicting the agent's behavior is valid. These two beliefs are thus complementary and MacKay says, "Two people may have to differ in what they believe in order that both men believe rightly."

MacKay's reasoning seems airtight. Granting everything to the determinists he establishes what he calls the Principle of Logical Indeterminancy. It is a subtle and complex distinction and will continue to be hotly discussed in philosophical circles.

For MacKay, the principle again puts man on top and in control—someone who must be held accountable for his actions. Indeed, as long as science has not eroded the concept of free will, science has not placed itself in opposition to religious belief. □

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RUSSELL KIRK

The Sin of Pearson College

SUPPOSE that Mr. Gallup or Mr. Harris were to put this question to a random sample of the literate American public: "Where, in your opinion, is the most lively innovation in college programs of study to be found?" I suspect that few in the sample would respond promptly, "The University of Kansas." And yet I might so respond.

It's not that most undergraduates at Lawrence, Kansas are roused in mind and conscience by their curriculum: far from it. But some three hundred of them are. They are the students of Pearson College, which has existed within the University of Kansas for the past two-and-one-half years, thanks particularly to a modest grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities.

The three (yes, 3) professors who form Pearson's faculty call their program for freshmen and sophomores "an experiment in tradition." They remark that their educational convictions were well expressed by the late Mark Van Doren in his book *Liberal Education*. They are imparting, to put the matter roughly, what Aldous Huxley calls "the perennial philosophy" or what Leo Strauss calls "the great tradition."

The students read certain great books, and discuss them. During the first semester, they take up Homer, Herodotus, Thucydides, Plato, Aesop, and Aeschylus. In the second semester, the authors studied are Virgil, Cicero, Plutarch, Caesar, Lucretius, and the prophets of the Old Testament. In the third semester, the months are spent on the New Testament, St. Augustine, *The Song of Roland*, St. Francis of Assisi, Chaucer, and various historical works. The fourth semester, devoted to the moderns, finds time for Cervantes, Shakespeare, Descartes, Bunyan, Hume, Rousseau, Voltaire, Goethe, Freud, Marx, and others.

Pearson's professors confess to professing a common view of life and education, which "may be called 'traditional' or 'perennial' in so far as it follows the common understanding of reality which is handed down from Plato and the Old Testament, through Virgil and the New Testament, through the Christian Middle Ages and the Renaissance into our own times." Also they take up the intellectual challenges to this perennial philosophy.

This program has caught on, and it is acknowledged even by opponents that the teaching at Pearson is excellent. Opponents? Who wouldn't be delighted by such a program of study, admirably executed? Why, the University's College of Liberal Arts and Sciences isn't delighted. After a series of "investigations" of Pearson, the assembly of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences voted at the end of March, by a 3 to 2 ratio, that no part of the course of study at Pearson may be accepted as fulfilling university requirements for credit in the humanities.

THIS decision means that Pearson College students will have to take the whole College of A&S program, plus the Pearson program, in order to graduate—thus doubling their number of class hours in humanities during freshman and sophomore years. Well, what would they have lost if they hadn't been compulsorily enrolled in the university's standard "humanities" curriculum? Here is the College of A&S regimen, as reported to me by a friend of Pearson:

"Three English composition and literature courses, where one gets a watery diet of graduate-student instructors and the usual miscellany of books; an elementary speech course, also taught by the graduate students and with much 'interpersonal' groupiness; and a 'Western Civilization Program,' this taught almost exclusively by graduate students. For years this program has been held in contempt by nearly all students. The readings are mostly bits and pieces, 90 per cent drawn from post-sixteenth-century authors, with heavy emphasis on political theory. Students have learned that the comprehensive examination can be passed without reading the texts, by studying a set of notes which has all but official endorsement."

What charges do the adversaries of Pearson bring against its championship of tradition? Many; but chiefly, it appears, that "only one point of view is represented." Indeed? Do they really believe that the views of Plato, Aeschylus, Virgil, St. Paul, and St. Francis of Assisi, say, were endorsed by Lucretius, Descartes, Hume, Voltaire, and Marx? If so, those gentlemen and scholars who make up the majority at Kansas' College of A&S ought to be deprived of their posts on the ground of invincible ignorance.

The unstated charge against Pearson is that it is subversive. True, Pearson's three professors are men of conservative mind; but they're subversive because they are undermining the established dullness and mediocrity of Behemoth U.

If Pearson College should make headway, the moral imagination of some students might be waked; and then there'd be heaven to pay. What would happen to all the tenured mediocrity of institutions like the College of A&S, if Pearson should survive? In such entrenched "humanities" curricula, the pseudoprofessor professes nothing except a dim ideology of liberal secularism—which saves him the pain of thinking. If Pearson should triumph, the pseudoprofessor might actually find it necessary to read some of the great books at which he now sneers.

Pearson College, I confess, is my new-found Utopia. I had written two essays along such lines, recently, without knowing about Pearson. One essay is entitled "Decadence and Recovery in American Education," published in *Imprimis*, a bulletin of Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Michigan. The other is called "Reforming the American College: Relevance to the Human Condition," published by the Movement for Quality Education, 1221 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. You can get free copies of either or both of my essays by writing to the addresses above, or to me in care of *NR*.

Pearson hasn't folded its tents yet. I trust the regents of the University of Kansas will make sure that Pearson doesn't fold. How bigoted can tenured mediocrity get? □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Dear Mr. Rusher . . .

Back awhile I received a memo from the Publisher, detoured through the Editor's Xerox machine. It was, I allow, full of kind words for my "Gimlet Eye" on poker playing (May 11). Yet the Publisher expressed a reservation. After all, he wrote, "there is nothing terribly conservative about poker."

Well, at first reflex, I disagreed. Liberals don't play poker much. Money should better be anted up for some Cause of the Month Club. It's capitalist exploitation, using brains and luck to short-change your fellow man. Poker suggests machismo and liberals don't need to prove their masculinity, having a special gland of some sort. They also throw like girls and avoid drinking in bars.

Down here at the back, I figure to be the Manners half of "Arts & Manners." It has been my design in part to draw for you a composite of the ordinary American: lower-middle to middle-middle. The kind I see commuting on my Short Line bus or from a window of that bus Independence Day weekends, with a mattress, a swimming tube, two bicycles, and a playpen blowing crazily atop the roofrack. This is the nation's solar plexus and the constituency of any magazine claiming to review that nation. So for "Gimlet Eyes" on boxing, on cops, on health clubs: perhaps ten others in a year.

I'VE THOUGHT about that memo for some days now. And I've come to a conclusion: The Publisher is right. I—we—are controlled by the Redneck Fallacy. NATIONAL REVIEW is one of America's best written, best edited magazines. Yet its style, its wit, its rational sophistication are a distancing. What we say collectively is: "We are a novelist, a scholar, an artist—rational men—and *still* we are conservatives." It's an intellectual witness, but it is just as surely the forced repudiation of passion. And there is great passion in conservatism: The lower-middle, the middle-middle are passionate and frustrate and desperate. Yet we must not speak to their passion. It is cunning of liberals: They have managed to write house rules for us, while they themselves are ruleless, unruly. And, because of the Redneck Fallacy, we are pried away from our constituents.

LIBERALS define our vocabulary. The Editor has spent recent pages justifying his use of the word crap. Imagine. Yet they mother us up against wall after wall. We cannot be rednecks. They confine us to reason: syllogisms and painstaking research. Yet they can lie at Wounded Knee, at Hanoi, anywhere. We cannot be rednecks. Reason and truth, though they will triumph in some Platonic ideal of America, are slow, ineffective. A distorted headline has immediacy. It can never be answered in time. Truth is too retrospective for this age of instant cataclysm. We are—well . . . gentlemen. A gentleman never plays dirty pool. A gentleman never causes pain. Remember how this magazine was criticized for the bogus Pentagon Papers? That wasn't in the rules.

Now and again I end up at a cocktail party given by liberals. Mention NATIONAL REVIEW and they admire. Hell, we give them a chance to be liberal. But mention Spiro Agnew and a fierce rictus charges the face. What makes the nation's Vice President fearsome and us not? Power? Ideology? I don't think so. Passion. There isn't a coffee table in America that *NR* can't comfortably rest on. But there are homes without coffee tables. The people I play poker with—maintenance men and construction workers—when they talk about, say, welfare they use the word crap, believe me. And there is heat behind the eyes. They vote conservative; they like the idea of NATIONAL REVIEW. But they don't read it.

NATIONAL REVIEW. The title is neutral, restrained. It implies this: that between sensible men the nation's crises may be resolved without a rough partisan explosion. But the other side entertains no such cordial presumption. I don't suppose that *Hardhat Review* would be a more efficient title, but now that NATIONAL REVIEW has been chiseled down to a neat logo, perhaps in the fine print under "NR" we could infiltrate No Retreat or Now, Reactionary. Few would notice. But we might be heartened. I worry lest *NR* be condemned for the seventh deadly sin: the sin no one remembers after gluttony and lust and the other snazzy vices. Acedia. I won't translate. I'm superstitious.

TO QUOTE someone else: Now we are engaged in a great civil war. The consequences are terrific and unguessable. Perhaps it is time not to be chivalrous or temperate. Time to risk the good opinion of men and women who are, after all, our sworn enemies. *NR*, I suspect, is read for entertainment: no longer for its conservative opinion. And noticed only when it plumps for the decriminalization of pot. There are people in the land who need strong comfort. Now. A lot of people: a majority. Radicals get good mileage out of their silent minorities. They manipulate; sometimes they even care. But they have an immense available resource and no analogue of the Redneck Fallacy constrains them. Surely there is a middle ground between George Wallace and Edmund Burke. The apollonian is fine; but the dionysiac is fine too. The zeitgeist understands it. Respects it. Some anger, I mean. Bloody mindedness. Crap.

I haven't the answers. I'm as vulnerable to the Redneck Fallacy as anyone. Just inventory the words I've used to

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compose my statement. I imagine the people up front in this magazine will take me sharply to task back here. I hope so: I want their opinions. I haven't the answers, but what I'll do . . . today, after eight years, I'll shave off my beard. I'm tired of trying to pass. □

THEATER

GARY JAY WILLIAMS

Samovars and Sympathy

At the turn of the century Anton Chekhov, frustrated by morose, misguided productions of his plays by the Moscow Art Theater, was insisting that there was comedy in *The Seagull* and *The Cherry Orchard* (which he called comedies), and in *Uncle Vanya.* No audience will doubt him watching Mike Nichols' knowing production of *Uncle Vanya* now at the Circle in the Square's Broadway theater. It is without question the best American-produced Chekhov we have had, and I commend it to you for three of the finest performances I have seen in New York this season—by Nicol Williamson, George C. Scott, and Elizabeth Wilson.

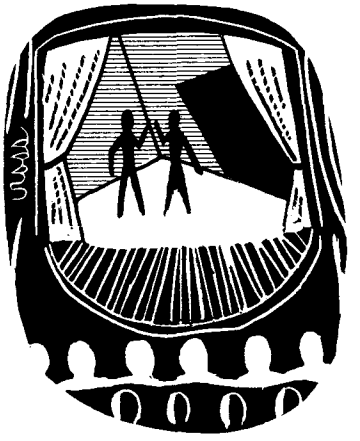
The comedy of Chekhov is the comedy of a detached ironist—too detached for me in this particular play (Gorky said Chekhov seemed "as indifferent as snow," and Tolstoy grumbled, "Where's the drama?"). But stage productions have seldom allowed us the chance to watch Chekhov's subtle dilemmas and unspectacular characters with anything but heavy boredom—usually from turgid translations or self-indulgent actors trained on distorted Stanislavski, sipping at the molasses of their "emotion memories." The Moscow Art Theater's productions, seen during its U.S. visit in 1965, were almost as well embalmed as Lenin.

This quiet, languid play, subtitled "Scenes of Country Life," takes place on the estate of the retired Professor Serebryakov. Sonya, the professor's daughter by his first wife, and her Uncle Vanya (Uncle Willie might be an equivalent English diminutive) have long given themselves to the management of the estate for the professor, once Vanya's idol. The professor has lately returned to retire with a beautiful young second wife, and a case of the gout that matches his academic pomposity. Vanya, played by Nicol Williamson, has awakened to discover the feet of clay and now is a rather endearing if pathetic shambles of indirection, in a tempestuous turmoil of chagrin over his wasted life. He reaches out in rumpled desperation for the affection of the professor's young wife, Elena (Julie Christie in a role beyond her depth). Dr. Astrov, family friend, greying physician, bachelor, and a man in the last degrees of his confirmation as a realist without illusions or dreams, is portrayed by George C. Scott. The familiar voice of gathered wood shavings talks on the downhill side of conviction about the hope for the future in planting forests and about the labors of his medical practice. The homely Sonya could love Astrov. Elizabeth Wilson's Sonya is naive and tenderly solicitous in a performance brightened by a gently expressive spontaneity. But Astrov looks past Sonya to the young Elena.

For the climax of the play, Chekhov puts a banana peel under the heel of tragedy. For one uncertain moment, Elena is in Astrov's arms and then discovered by the boyish Vanya who enters with a bouquet for Elena of "sad autumn roses"—an exposed vulnerability that Nicol Williamson instinctively tries to conceal under his coat. A moment later, Vanya hears with disbelief the professor's plans to sell the estate. With no straws left to grasp, the ineffectual Vanya fires two wild shots at the professor and, of course misses, sentencing himself to eternal chagrin.

At the end of the play, amid a wash of apologies and no solutions, the professor leaves, taking the laconic Elena with him. Characters amble back separately into the sultry garden, each announcing, "They're gone." Dr. Astrov now leaves too, reluctantly, with no more and no less than he came with —except the knowledge of that. ("He's gone.") And Sonya sits down to the books again with little Vanya, comforting him and herself with the belief that after they have borne the long line of days ticking off on the grandfather clock in the background, they shall rest, hear angels, and "see the whole sky all diamonds." I'm with the old nanny in the corner (Lillian Gish as Marina), who after a day of keeping her chickens together and tending to the samovar and sympathy for all, has surprised herself with a mighty yawn and a "Lord have mercy." Chekhov has suggested what Ibsen never did with Hedda Gabler—that it may require the greater strength simply to endure.

Although his play comes to us out of a very recognizable, beliefless, modern sensibility, I think there is much evidence that ultimately Chekhov commends simple, selfless work (like Astrov's or Marina's) as the courageous alternative to a wasteland of beliefless,



uncommitted, indolent lives. Liberal critics break their hearts over Chekhov's meaningless, absurd, arbitrary world; others give us history lessons on the lassitude of Old Russia. One critic has just given his benediction to the Chekhov of this play because he could make him an environmentalist, a feminist, and a disillusioned radical. Surely one point of Chekhov's irony is what we do to ourselves. Two new collections of Chekhov's letters soon to be published will be sifted to find which of his characters he stands closest to. That search may obscure Chekhov's intended neutrality, which, with his talent and his delicately ironic perspective, has allowed us humanity of rare dimension on the stage. Like the physician he was, Chekhov was an impartial observer; one might say he had the courage of his compassions, although it is clear his work to some extent invites each of us to locate our sympathies according to our own convictions. The comedy released in the Circle in the Square's production of *Uncle Vanya* allows us the greater magnanimity and thus the richer experience of Chekhov's rare dimensions. □

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DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Travel Is Broadening

From the questions people ask me, I know that in the spring the American fancy turns to thoughts of gastronomic pilgrimages. It must be the exhilarating spring air that makes them want to go to Europe, meaning France, to eat, touring the country, Michelin in hand, and spending a fortune. Maybe they will even indulge in a bit of sightseeing along the way. I don't wish to be a killjoy, but now that France is no longer the unclouded land of Cockaigne it used to be, I recommend once more that gastronomic pilgrims go to Belgium, where they will eat well and not so expensively as in France, and where they can get about easily and see some pretty sights as well.

THAT the Belgians take their food seriously is obvious from the beginning of a trip if you travel on their airline, Sabena. My husband and I have found Sabena very agreeable and comfortable, with helpful personnel both in the air and on the ground—very important to someone on two crutches or in a wheelchair, as I was for many years. (The help airlines run by Americans do *not* give to those who need it is something that has to be experienced to be believed.) Sabena food is real, carefully cooked food, in both tourist and first class; and nicely served, unlike the plastic junk served on so many lines. We really enjoy their food—as in a restaurant, not as on an airplane.

This year, the red Michelin Benelux guide recognized a fact well-known to European gourmets: The Belgians cook and eat well. It granted Belgium a total of 104 stars, which means that, given the small size of the country, the traveler will hardly ever be more than 25 miles from a starred restaurant. (It was about time that Michelin awarded stars to Belgium; it was beginning to look silly. Even so, it has awarded too few. Excellent as the Michelin guides are, they have always favored France because Frenchmen find it hard to believe that others can cook their kind of food as well as they can—but they do in Belgium.)

Though similar, Belgian food is not quite the same as French food. It is richer and more exuberant and, I think, more carefully prepared than French food in all but the best French restaurants. I noticed this in the one-star places, which are the heart of a country's cooking. Comparing them to their French equivalents I knew, the Belgians were better—more imaginative and more finicky in the cooking and presentation. In Stavelot, a ravishing little town in the Ardennes (which for me remains the loveliest of Europe's forest regions), at the Val d'Amblève☆ I had an unforgettable ham mousse flavored with juniper. In Paliseul☆ in the same region, I was persuaded to eat something I don't like—stuffed piglet. But it was sauced with poivre vert (green pepper), which took away what is, at least to me, odious about the meat. It was delicious.

TEN restaurants got the Michelin ☆☆. I know several, of which one deserves three stars to my mind: the superlative fish restaurant in Brussels called L'Ecailler du Palais Royal. Few meals make an impression on me, but their turbot with sorrel sauce did indeed. This place is really the apotheosis of fish cookery. Many connoisseurs (the Common Market establishment in Brussels is full of them), with the expertise, the time, and the money to eat their way through Europe, have told me that this fish restaurant has no equal anywhere, including France. I judge restaurants also, as I said before, from the food that I don't usually don't like but feel that I should. This happened to me at another ☆☆, the Comme Chez Soi in Brussels. Here I had four fresh patés, including one of venison and game birds and one of duck liver that were wonderful, as was all their other food, including the game in season. Belgium is great for game, especially wild boar, another food I don't particularly care for but always eat in Belgium. Fish cookery is also outstanding, not only in fancy restaurants but everywhere. Belgium is the fish country par excellence because it is so close to the sea; the fish is really fresh—it comes in every morning. Again, generally speaking, I am not mad about fish but I find it irresistible in Belgium and very imaginatively cooked. I remember especially a gratin of ecrevisses at the Auberge du Moulin Hideux☆☆ at Noirefontaine, and the filets lanares of sole at La Perouse in Antwerp.

The famous Villa Lorraine in Brussels is Belgium's ☆☆☆ restaurant. It is a bower of flowers, very chic and very good, though to my mind, and I've eaten there frequently, no better than some of the two-star restaurants. This may be heresy to some, but I do not think that the service, for instance, is perfect, which it is in some two- and one-star restaurants such as the Carlton in Brussels, which is in the grand, old-fashioned manner.

Letting alone the Michelin star business, food is good even in the humbler restaurants. You really get your money's worth, because this is what the Belgians themselves insist on. In spite of the many foreigners who have made Brussels Europe's first international capital, Belgian food is first and foremost for the Belgians, who are not easy to please. You should see the private menus I have seen for occasions like First Communions and weddings, catered by or held in restaurants—they boggle the mind.

ONE final tip. Fancy food is less expensive in Belgium than in France, but it is not cheap. Dinners without wine, generally speaking, depending on the stars and establishments, are from $15 to $35 or more. The *important* thing is to order one of the several *menus gastronomiques*, set at fixed prices and including the complete meal. Unlike the American habit of producing inferior food on a set menu, Belgian restaurants feature their best specialties on their *menus gastronomiques*—the things you came to eat in the first place. These menus can be more or less elaborate depending on the number of courses, and priced accordingly—but the food is the same. If you order the food on such a menu à la carte, it will cost you at least three times as much in a fancy place, but will be no different. I noticed this especially at the Air Pur☆☆ in La Roche-en-Ardenne, where I had an incredibly subtle trout en papillote, the paté, and the chicken with champagne on the *menu gastronomique*—all the specialties of the house.

As for the cultural sights which you can take in between eating, I will write about them another time. □

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BOOKS

Romantic Journalist

WILLIAM PORTER

The World of Time Inc.: The Intimate History of a Publishing Enterprise Volume II: 1941-1960
By Robert T. Elson
Atheneum, 496 pp., $10

Henry Luce was one of the last of the romantics of mass journalism and the most successful of all. This second volume of company history by Robert T. Elson, a company man, centers on Luce, and its publication reinforces the common assessment of Volume I: This is probably the best account of a major media enterprise ever published in this country.

Elson's basic method is simple. He lets Luce speak for himself. Throughout the man's life he was an unceasing fountain of memoranda—notes which were garrulous, personal, ebullient, witty, polemical, sometimes bitchy, always well crafted. Reflected in them were the episodes that gave Time Inc. its repute, good and bad.

Frequently they show a losing attempt on Luce's part to turn his emotional convictions into well-reasoned arguments. From the time of Wendell Willkie forward, he energetically backed every Republican nominee for President (conveyed by an editorial in *Life*, tone in *Time*), but he dived into each campaign with the whoop and holler of discovery, as if a vast examination had just revealed that there was one good and one bad candidate. Apparently he never really made a distinction between anti-Communism and anti-Sovietism, which made his attempts to be a persuasive anti-Communist while disowning Joseph McCarthy exercises in frustration. His leadership of what once was called the "China Lobby" was based upon childhood sentiment and personal acquaintance, but he tried with curiously touching naiveté to convert it into a major perspective for U.S. foreign policy. He backed Whittaker Chambers' elevation to the editorship of the foreign-news section of *Time* knowing that Chambers intended to use it as a personal vehicle for building mistrust and hatred of the Soviets—and when an uproar arose among the foreign correspondents the meaning of whose reports Chambers sometimes completely altered Luce backed the correspondents, too, and wrote an earnest explanation that indicated that the correspondents were right but Chambers was righter. He was angered by, and contemptuous of, Harry Truman (who reciprocated the sentiments) and considered his foreign policies disastrous without realizing that the two of them had almost an identical picture of the world and the role of the U.S. in it.

Most of these memos went to his editors. Some of the memos they wrote back hardly fit the conventional wisdom about the way Time Inc. operated in that era. Such men of intellectual dimensions superior to Luce's as Eric Hodgins, T. S. Matthews, and Manfred Gottfried sometimes disagreed, ignored instructions, and wrote sardonic and arrogant replies. He usually responded with a soft answer lightly touched with self-pity. Manfred Gottfried, for a long time the managing editor of *Time*, once said: "Harry, I wish you wouldn't give us so much argument. Why don't you just give us a few orders?"

But the torrent of argument continued, because the memos were the continuing outlet of his journalism. And Luce was, Elson's book makes clear, more than anything else a journalist, although he has never been considered so. He appeared in print only occasionally, through editorials in *Life* and an occasional promotion piece.

He wrote with surprising skill. Some excellent writing has come out of Time Inc., but so has some of the most posturing prose of the century. Elson reprints very little from the magazines, and for some odd reason he chooses some of the worst. There is Whittaker Chambers' famous "Ghosts on the Roof," a fantasy about the shades of the Romanoffs at the Yalta conference that now seems heavily coy; a James Agee piece about "The Bomb," published in *Time* just at the end of World War II, which may appeal to Agee addicts but hangs on the edge of hysteria and sometimes slips over; and some gassy Max Ways concerning journalism and what he calls The American Proposition. The good-humored clarity of almost any Luce memo makes all of them read like windbags.

More important than his journalistic skills was the fact that he had the psychological set of a classic, gung-ho journalist. He was an indifferent thinker at best; he overestimated wonderfully the

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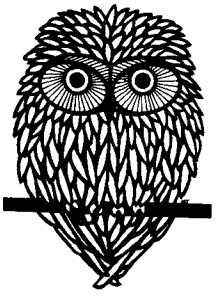
things he could and could not get done through his publications; he was frequently a loser and cast into despair (particularly after the election of 1948), but the next time out his self-confidence was high as ever. He was convinced that his work made a difference.

He was much less interested in corporate growth and development. Although he was a good businessman with a sharp insight into his market, it was the skills of the businessmen around him—Larsen, Stillman, Linen, and Heiskell—that gave him the luxury of some disengagement. He consistently opposed, at some point and to some extent, every attempt at company expansion outside of journalism. He did not like the thought of management preoccupied with investment problems. He saw Time Inc. as being in the business of the word, and he thought the word was at least as important as the buck.



Elson apologizes for the fact that most of his attention is directed to the editorial operations of the magazines, but there still is much useful detail about the business of the corporation. The discussion of *Life*, doomed from birth like a last-generation dinosaur because it inevitably grew big and bigness inevitably killed it, sets out the major problems of mass publishing; so does the account of the founding of *Sports Illustrated*, which went ten straight years losing millions before it turned a profit.

THE DATES 1941-1960 on this volume suggest, obviously, that there will be a Volume III. Elson makes it clear at the beginning that there will not. The last chapter consists of a half-hearted attempt, more assembled than written, to mention such matters of recent importance as the succession of Hedley Donovan, the movement into (and then out of) television-station ownership, and the great success of the Book Division. But Elson feels that the Time Inc. he is writing about is Luce's, and that the year Luce steps out of active involvement is the point where his Time Inc., in effect, ends. It is a sound judgment, one of many that have made this a genuinely important body of work. □

The Disaster Lobby
By Melvin J. Grayson and Thomas R. Shepard Jr.
Follett, 294 pp., $7.95

RACHEL CARSON, RIP

THOMAS H. JUKES

Can we survive the retreat from reason that erupted in the Sixties? Grayson and Shepard say, in their last chapter, that there are signs of a return to sanity. Personally, I think it is too late. The Doomsday crowd has taken over the school textbooks and even the Boy Scouts. The peace—and, indeed, the apotheosis—in which the late Rachel Carson rests should, according to this book, be an uneasy one. For in 1961 there were, for the first time, no malaria deaths in Ceylon. In 1968, ten thousand Ceylonese died of malaria. I agree with the authors that these and hundreds of thousands more deaths to come should be laid at the door of *Silent Spring*, which means at the door of *The New Yorker* and Houghton Mifflin, as well as at the shrine of Rachel Carson.

GRAYSON and Shepard go further, blaming *Silent Spring* for the success of the eco-activist movement that has transformed outdoor clubs and bird-watching societies into powerful controllers—and successful saboteurs—of attempts to increase the production of energy, consumer goods, and food. The book goes even further, alleging that the ludicrous excesses of the environmental religion have spawned a host of other "movements," including Nader's drive to exorcise private enterprise and almost everything else except Nader, the weirder manifestations of Women's Lib, and the "racial quota" system of employment. Perhaps Grayson and Shepard go too far. But do they? On many car bumpers in the Athens of the West, which is the birthplace of the Sierra Club, I see a set of matched stickers, typically asking the reader to Save the Bay, to Save Our Sisters, to Damn Dangerous Toxins, and to Vote for Dellums. We don't need biological engineering to produce millions of Gammas. It has been done by the *New York Times* and TV.

Chapter two is about DDT, and I read it with great interest, because I have studied the subject closely for more than ten years. I could find not a single mistake in it. The ban on DDT issued by Environmental Protection Agency Administrator William Ruckelshaus did indeed fly in the face of scientific findings and testimony. The 1972 election was coming up, and Mr. and Mrs. Ruckelshaus were about to hit the hustings. Chapter three, "On the Side of the Fish," draws its title from Justice William Douglas' proclamation that he is "on the side of the fish and against people." This is indeed the keynote of the motivation of environmentalists. They are against people —especially *other* people. A conservationist in Marin County, California has just been elected to the Water Board (or is it the Anti-water Board?). He ran on a platform that would "limit growth in the county by limiting the number of water connections." If he thinks there are too many people, why doesn't he leave? But, as chapter seven is titled, "Whooping Cranes Yes, People No." It is an excellent chapter, but chapter twelve, "The Closed Fraternity," dealing with reporters, TV, "thought controllers," and reporting, is even better.

Grayson and Shepard are obviously a couple of pros when it comes to reporting. Their book doesn't waste a word, and they should be thanked for providing an indispensable handbook for those of us who need factual information on the oddities of our times. □

Small Earthquake in Chile. A Report from the Andean Nations
By Alistair Horne
Viking, 349 pp., $12.50

THE EDGE OF NIGHT

SELDEN RODMAN

Perhaps, in these days of furtive "conflict of interest," I should say at the outset that I play a small role in the dramatis personae of this travel book. On January 23, 1971, Bill Buckley introduced me to the author in Santiago, Chile, where I was then living. I introduced them both to Nena Ossa, who plays a much larger part in the book, and the following day we all drove to the coast, spent an hour at Pablo

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT. Mary Stewart returns to Arthurian England for her new novel. *The Hollow Hills* (Morrow, $7.95). . . . Sam Lubell analyzes the 1972 campaign in *The Future While It Happened* (Norton, $5.95). . . . *Confessions of a Corporate Headhunter* is by executive talent scout Allan J. Cox (Trident, $6.95). . . . *How To Retire at 41* is by *Esquire* editor L. Rust Hills who did (Doubleday, $5.95). . . . Sheila (*The Incredible Journey*) Burnford tells about her year up north in *One Woman's Arctic* (Little, Brown, $7.95). . . . Joseph L. Gardner studies a GOP split in *Departing Glory: Theodore Roosevelt as Ex-President* (Scribners, $10). . . . *Zodiac and Swastika* is by Wilhelm Wulff, Hitler's astrologer (Coward, $5.95).

■ ONE WATERGATER, TWO BOOKS. E. Howard Hunt's latest novel, *The Berlin Ending*, due from Putnam in August ($6.95). Arlington House is bringing out his first-person view of the Bay of Pigs, *Give Us This Day* (October, $8.95).

■ NR WRITERS: David Brudnoy's *The Conservative Alternative* (Winston Press) has been selected for display at USIA libraries. . . . D. Keith Mano's sixth novel, *The Bridge* (Doubleday, September, $6.95), will be a Literary Guild alternate selection. . . . *Servants and Masters*, F. Reid Buckley's novel based on a notable Madrid scandal, is due from Doubleday in October ($10).

■ CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS. Several from Viking: José Guidol's *El Greco* is a biography with hundreds of reproductions by the master (August, $38.50). Alfred Eisenstaedt photographs four hundred *People* (September, $16.95). British biographer Hugh Ross Williamson adds over a hundred illustrations to his life of *Catherine de Medici* (September, $16.95) J. B. Priestley's *The English* is an illustrated social history (September, $17.95). *Treasures of Ireland* by A. P. Lucas illustrates pagan and early Christian art (October, $14.50). *Great Houses of Italy: The Tuscan Villas* weds Harold Acton's text and Alexander Zielcke's photos (October, $28.50). . . . Harold McCracken's *The American Cowboy* features nearly 150 examples of cowboy art (Doubleday, November, $14.95).

■ PAPERBACKS. Just out, an updated edition of *The Stamp Collector's Encyclopedia* by R. J. Sutton (Arco, $1.95). . . . For those who follow the misadventures of Timothy Leary, his latest is *Confessions of a Hope Fiend* (Bantam, $1.95). . . . *How To Start Your Own Small Business* is a hard-information handbook just out from Drake ($3.95). . . . Abigail (Mrs. Gene) McCarthy's *Private Faces/Public Places* coming from Curtis ($1.50).

Neruda's home in Isla Negra, had lunch in Valparaiso, and returned that night to the capital where we parted company. I haven't seen Alistair Horne since, nor have I read any of his historical works on France—though I intend to make up for that oversight in my education now.

I SAY this much because *Small Earthquake in Chile* covers much the same ground as my *South America of the Poets*, which was about to be published at the time we met, and I want to try to be objective about our respective successes and failures. I think I tried to cover too much ground geographically, thus losing focus frequently on individual countries and their cultures. Mr. Horne, on the other hand, probing more deeply and lucidly than anyone yet has into the *politics* of his four countries (Chile, Bolivia, Peru, Colombia) fails to make the South American enigma quite comprehensible by entirely neglecting Argentina, Brazil, Uruguay and Paraguay, Ecuador and Venezuela, whose contingencies affect his four countries so vitally, and whose quite different solutions (or lack of solutions) to their problems are important parts of the puzzle. I would have liked to see Mr. Horne bring himself into his narrative a bit more, too; for his personality, as revealed in the questions he asks and the heroic measures he takes to cut through the rhetoric of his elusive informants, is fascinating—and tantalizingly tangential.

In Peru and Colombia, Mr. Horne hardly got beyond the capital cities—which are sucking into their depersonalizing maws (as elsewhere in South America) everything of value, everything idiosyncratic, everything with a shred of tradition attached to it. But in Chile and Bolivia no other contemporary observer has come even half as close to presenting the national character fairly. And it may be the last time that this will happen. For if Mr. Horne's analysis proves anything (other than the beauty and mystery of human fallibility) it proves that every society on the subcontinent is moving inexorably toward a totalitarianism in which the independent observer will not be admitted and the truth will be falsified by those it endangers.

A RADICAL in the Marxist sense, a conservative in the narrow sense, a liberal wearing New Deal-New Frontier-*New York Review of Books* blinders, would be incapable of seeing what Mr. Horne sees. For Mr. Horne is a humanist in the broad sense; and in the narrow sense a populist, an agrarian radical, an anarchist, a true democrat. He has a great sense of humor. He has a style firmly anchored in the century of Voltaire and Samuel Johnson. He has done his homework as an historian. *And he has no prejudices.* By which I mean that though infinitely preferring the way of life vouchsafed to the upper and middle classes under capitalism to that prevailing under socialism, where there are only masters and slaves, he sees clearly that the capitalists, their political parties, and their American sponsors in Latin America have lost whatever vestiges of idealism, culture, and willpower they may once have had, and that therefore (if only by default) the future belongs to the guerrillas of the extreme Left who have all three of these essential things.

Only an Alistair Horne is capable of seeing this grim reality without either welcoming it or vilifying it, and how many Alistair Hornes will there be to report the debacle when the last (Christian Democrat) caretaker of the old order capitulates and the frontiers are closed? Perhaps the English universities are still turning out a few such compassionate men. But Horne himself, one feels safe in predicting, will never get beyond the little box where the rat-faced inspector checks his file of subversives. For among the other things Horne sees and reveals so clearly are

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William Porter *is professor of journalism at the University of Michigan.* . . . **Selden Rodman**'*s book of conversations with noted authors* (Tongues of Fallen Angels) *will be published by New Directions early next year.* . . . **Thomas Jukes** *writes regularly for* NR *on science topics.* . . . **David Brudnoy** *comments on politics for WGBH-TV in Boston.* . . . **Justus van der Kroef** *teaches political science at the University of Bridgeport.*

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these two: Latin Americans, even when left to themselves as in Colombia and Chile, have never been able to govern with an iota of responsibility for the public welfare, and their cowardly device for evading this dismal failure has been (and still is) to blame the gringo. □

The Death and Life of Malcolm X
By Peter Goldman
Harper, 438 pp., $8.95
Angela Davis: The Making of a Revolutionary
By J. A. Parker
Arlington, 272 pp., $9.95

MALCOLM AND ANGELA

DAVID BRUDNOY

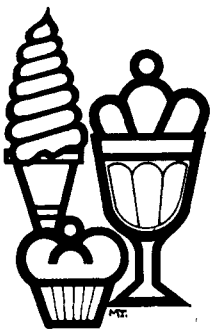
Both demonstrated high intelligence; both strove to arouse their people, to break psychological shackles.

One, Malcolm, escaped from the puerile mumbo-jumbo of the Nation of Islam and transcended the viciousness of unremitting disdain for whitey, the experience of brotherhood with white Muslims during his pilgrimage to Mecca having awakened him to the possibility of interracial comity. His death, "in squalor, at the hands of black [Muslim] men," as his newest biographer proves, came just as he had begun to emerge as one of the saner leaders of the Negro revolution. Martyred, then quickly enshrined in a legend the dimensions of which Peter Goldman ably defines, Malcolm became a genuine hero, his forty-year life demonstrating true rejuvenation.

THE OTHER, Angela, lives on, junketing to the socialist paradises where she praises Soviet-style freedom and castigates that doomed society, America, whose judicial system freed her of complicity in a notoriously bloody shoot-'em-up engineered with guns indisputably belonging to her. Of Malcolm, M. E. Handler of the *New York Times* wrote: "He had no use for Marxism. He considered Marxism another political ideology invented by white men for white men, to shift the seat of power from one group of white men to another group of white men." But Angela proudly avows her Communism. J. A. Parker believes that her attraction to the Party stems "from a severe rationalism rather than from a ghetto soul or emotional racial commitment. There was in Angela the need to find a philosophy that explained the nature of the world's problems and provided an answer to them, a path to follow at the end of which understanding might be achieved."

That whipped 1960s cliché, "charismatic," applies to these two figures as to few others. Both of them the subject of voluminous reportage, they receive worthy appraisals in these two new books. *Newsweek* editor Goldman's is the more professional and detailed. Although dealing with some of the same material as Malcolm's *Autobiography* (1965), he takes up where that book left off, and concentrates on the evidence concerning Malcolm's murder. Material previously explored in the *Autobiography* is here scrutinized from a reporter's perspective, leading Mr. Goldman to assert that the pre-Muslim Malcolm was far less violent than he had pictured himself, and corroborating the image of that personally charming man who emerged in last year's excellent documentary film, *Malcolm X*.

Malcolm's life was itself an accusation, Mr. Goldman writes. It was also an object lesson in commitment. If at times perhaps too willing to excuse Malcolm's rhetorical excesses, Mr. Goldman nevertheless presents many pointed observations. Later on in the book, in "Malcolm and Martin," he concludes that the two could never ally: "King's moral authority was that he asked black people to transcend their humanity; Malcolm proposed that they embrace it—that they reserve their love for one another and address white people as men have always addressed their enemies."



Unlike Mr. Goldman, who knew Malcolm X, Jay Parker cannot bring to his study the perceptions of personal acquaintance with his subject. But he brings to it something else of great value: a well-researched analysis of why Negro extremism is a cul-de-sac for his people in America. He places Miss Davis' development in the context of a century of Negro activism and finds her choice of violence and Marxism wanting. Although this (earlier) part of his book is neither excitingly written nor possessed of any particularly sharp new appraisals, it serves as a useful background for his discussion of Angela. We see her as one in a chain of powerful radicals, then stripped of the halo her devotees have awarded her. Only at the end of his book does Mr. Parker become explicit about his personal growth from boyhood in a Philadelphia ghetto and poverty to his present philosophic conservatism. But he speaks throughout from the perspective of a thoughtful Negro in often thoughtless white America. *Angela Davis* is Mr. Parker's first book, and it suffers from some turgidity and occasional infelicities of expression. But Angela and her excesses, and those of her compatriots, serve as a splendid subject around which he has written an honest and at times moving account.

MR. PARKER does not whitewash America in order to damn Angela Davis. He suffers from no delusions about the many cruel inequities in this society concerning race. Nor does he subscribe to the theory that every bright, sensitive Negro—as Miss Davis assuredly is—must wind up mouthing hate-whitey drivel. She was no slum girl driven to frenzy by deprivation; Angela was directed toward Marxism by her mentor, Herbert Marcuse, and cozied into a party that relies for its strength on coercion, distortion, and falsehood, by leftist associates who indoctrinated her for years. While Jay Parker and other Negroes went one way, into the American system to better it *and* validate it, Angela chose another, and lesser way.

Mr. Goldman writes of Malcolm that "he was neither saint nor sinner but a good and gifted man struggling imperfectly toward daylight." Had Malcolm died a few years before 1965, those words could not have been written. Regeneration was possible for Malcolm; why not for Angela Davis? She is not yet thirty; she is, as Mr. Parker makes abundantly clear, a woman of tremendous capability, and compassion at least for her own people, if not for others. Her considerable gifts of mind and tongue, her remarkable physical energy, are needed by both races here. Perhaps one day she might put her

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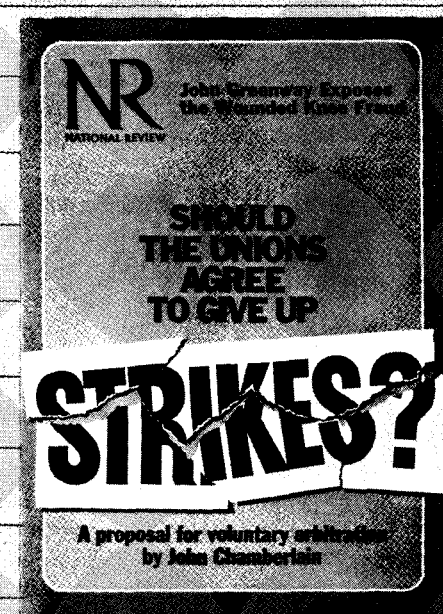

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talents to work for the worthwhile cause of this nation's spiritual salvation, abandoning her subservience to Communism and revolution, as Malcolm liberated himself from allegiance to Elijah Muhammad and infatuation with neo-Manicheanism. □

Elections in South Vietnam
By Howard R. Penniman
American Enterprise Institute, 246 pp., $3.50

A STORY TOLD LATE BUT WELL

JUSTUS M. VAN DER KROEF

This book comes late—perhaps even too late. The allegedly unrepresentative character of all governments in South Vietnam since the days of Ngo Dinh Diem has become so much an article of faith over the years that, not surprisingly, it was included, at least by implication, in the January 24 Kissinger-Le Duc Tho Vietnam agreement. Articles 9(b) and 12 of the Vietnam Ceasefire Agreement, for example, demand new "democratic general" elections in *South* Vietnam (not a word is said about such elections for the North, of course) presumably with the participation of the Communist National Liberation Front, just as Hanoi's friends (might one call them Hanoids?) have always insisted.

Professor Penniman of Georgetown University, a close observer of two recent South Vietnam elections (the presidential ones of 1967 and 1971), takes on and largely demolishes one of the Hanoids' favorite postulates: that past elections in South Vietnam because of corruption and repression were a farce, thwarting the electorate's will. Painstakingly, Penniman shows otherwise, beginning his survey with the elections of 1956, 1959, 1961, and 1963 in the Diem era, and then concentrating primarily on the presidential and National Assembly elections of 1967 and 1970-71.

FROM the start there was a striking pattern: Government support was located in rural areas (where Vietcong influence was strongest) and opposition strength was noteworthy in the relatively safe Saigon region. Even in the controversial 1959 elections, when Vietcong terror was already rampant, the Diem government won more than 70 per cent of the parliamentary seats, and government support came particularly from "Communist-infested areas" in the countryside where the voters' awareness of the immediate political realities was somewhat sharper than in the hothouse political atmosphere of Saigon.

Penniman's account of the elections in the Diem era is shorter than it should be, particularly in light of prevailing Hanoid distortions and maligning of the Diem regime generally, in which even South Vietnamese today find it expedient to join. What were the reasons, for example, for declaring invalid a half-million ballots in the 1963 election: fraud by officials, or a deliberate opposition tactic of improperly marking ballots, in order to embarrass the government (as in the case of the anti-Suharto movement in the Indonesian general elections of July 3, 1971)? And was the opposition to the Diem regime by Saigon's intellectuals and Buddhists, opposition which Hanoids in the U.S. eventually parlayed into the "Diem must go" policy, shared by the rest of the Vietnam electorate?

Penniman poses ten criteria, phrased as questions, by which the fairness of the electoral process and accuracy of its results might be judged. These criteria range from the legal certainty with which the size of the electorate is determined and known, the requisite secrecy of the voting process, and the adequacy of protection against fraud, to the relatively equal opportunity afforded various candidates to compete for votes, and the degree of freedom of the press. On virtually every one of these touchstones Penniman gives the South Vietnamese electoral process high marks.

He notes, for example, that there is "little or no evidence" to substantiate the often-heard accusation of multiple voting and other irregularities in the 1967 presidential election, nor of allegedly widespread miscounting of votes by fraudulent election officials in the 1971 poll for the House of Representatives. As for the relative ease with which one could and can become a parliamentary candidate in South Vietnam, Penniman points out that in 1971, for example, despite qualifying requirements "more stringent" than in 1967, 1,242 candidates competed for 159 House seats. As for the more controversial presidential race of 1971, it should be noted that both General Minh and former Vice President Ky ultimately declined to run for *political* reasons, not because they were ineligible.

Press freedom has been and is a good deal more restricted than in the Western democracies, and yet compares favorably not only with that of many countries in the Third World, but—at this point the silence of the Hanoids is deafening—especially with those in the Communist bloc. Penniman observes in a useful special chapter devoted to press freedom in South Vietnam that "there has been no censorship of outgoing reports by foreign correspondents," not even "in the strictest days of the Diem regime." This freedom has, of course, been a particular boon to the Hanoids abroad, and its effect on shaping American perceptions of the Vietnam war will probably prove to have been of critical importance. The modifications brought by Thieu's press

decrees in the middle of 1972, though forcing the extinction of a number of poorly financed papers, can hardly be said to have silenced his opposition.

The volume by Professors George Kahin and John Lewis, *The United States in Vietnam*, despite its inadequacies (to put it mildly), has long been revered by critics of U.S. involvement in Vietnam and of the various South Vietnamese regimes. Not the least of the many merits of Penniman's book is his exposure, demurely confined to footnotes, of some of the more glaring distortions of the Kahin-Lewis analysis. For example, they contend that in the 1966 elections the establishment of multi-member electoral constituencies in areas of greatest Buddhist strength diluted Buddhist power. Penniman drily observes that "no other commentator makes this point," possibly because more multi-member districts were formed in regions where Buddhist influence was weaker. The multi-member system has had, in any case, little anti-Buddhist discriminatory effect: In the 1971 elections, in the I Corps region Buddhists captured 22 out of 24 seats—primarily in multi-member districts.

Commenting on the 1967 South Vietnamese presidential election Kahin and Lewis seek to discredit the legitimacy of the Thieu-Ky victory by, among other charges, alleging that neither Saigon nor Washington has been willing to make public the district-by-district

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breakdown of the balloting totals, presumably because of "widely made" accusations of serious "discrepancies" between the provincial- and the district-level voting results. Penniman notes that Kahin and Lewis present no evidence that accusations of voting irregularities were widely made or that they were serious. He also indicates that the district election results, though not published, were posted on election day, along with the returns in hamlets, villages, and provinces, and are easily available in the National Archives where other critics of Vietnamese elections might find sufficient statistical data to warrant second thoughts about the charge of vote frauds.

Inevitably the question arises of the value of the South Vietnamese elections as compared to those in North Vietnam. Penniman has included in his book one of his earlier published articles on the electoral process in North Vietnam. It makes useful reading. Even allowing for the faults of the South, the staged, ritualized, and rigidly controlled type of elections held in North Vietnam reinforces his conclusion: "The practical choice—as distinct from the full range of blue sky alternatives—comes down to a totalitarian regime on the one hand, and an approach, however imperfect, to a democratic system on the other hand." □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A WORLD ELSEWHERE: *The New American Foreign Policy, by James Chace (Scribners, 108 pp., $5.95).* James Chace is the managing editor of *Foreign Affairs*, the prestigious quarterly of the New York Council of Foreign Relations. In this capacity he has had an opportunity to assimilate a substantial fraction of the what-do-we-do-now-that-the-cold-war-is-dead theories that have surfaced in the past few years. Virtually all of the presumptions about what is troublesome in that world that have dominated the perceptions of upper-middle-class intellectuals for a decade are here. Chace neatly characterized them as "transnational influences"; overpopulation and resource exhaustion (essentially the discredited Forrester/Meadows "we will drown in garbage" critique), multinational corporations, etc. Name the candidate for a villainous social trend, and you are likely to find it in this slender volume. He argues for a U.S. foreign policy that "navigates" the nation state through tricky shoals of a host of transnational influences to permit international stability in a multipolar world. Like so many products of this genre, the author tends to denigrate the importance of such obviously potent national influences as military force, revanchism, greed, hatred, and dumb luck. As recently as December 1972 we saw how military force, an obsolescent element in Chace's *A World Elsewhere*, namely the B-52 strikes in Hanoi and Haiphong to encourage the North Vietnamese to come to terms in Paris, indeed had the desired effect. The world still waits for an adequate characterization of the nature of the interaction between national and transnational influences.

W. SCHNEIDER JR.

BUREAUCRACY, THE MARSHALL PLAN, AND THE NATIONAL INTEREST, *by Hadley Arkes (Princeton, 395 pp., $12.50).* The eventual results of policies and programs are less dependent on the quality of the rhetoric of statement than on the content of the routines of bureaucrats. Arkes illustrates this in his account of the origins and operations of the Marshall Plan. The very substantial congressional influence over the substance of operations, for example, is traced to early and careful attention paid by congressional leaders to the details of organization and procedure. Students of politics too often shun the details of bureaucracy because they seem dull, but those who would dictate the outcomes of policy must endure the tedium of regulations, organization plans, and procedural directives. And those who would understand this process must also tolerate a degree of boredom. The reader should not then expect much excitement in this account, although there is enlightenment. Arkes's discussion of the national-interest concept is informed and reasoned, providing a background to consider his own positive evaluation of the results which were produced by the bureaucratic processes of the Marshall Plan. The principal strength of this book, however, is the account of that bureaucratic process, leaving a better informed reader to make his own evaluation both of the purposes and of the results of that and other policies of government.

J. FULLER

THE HEIRS OF STALIN: *Dissidence and the Soviet Regime, 1953-1970, by Abraham Rothberg (Cornell, 450 pp., $14.50).* On February 1, 1973, Avraham Shifrin testified before the U.S. Senate Internal Security Subcommittee that millions of political prisoners remain confined in conditions of brutality and near-starvation in scores of Russian concentration camps. Shifrin knows whereof he speaks: He was himself a concentration-camp inmate for ten years, fleeing to Israel in 1970. A few months before Shifrin's testimony the same Senate subcommittee had published the testimony of Dr. Aleksandr Yesenin-Volpin, a distinguished Soviet mathematician, describing the "abuse of psychiatry for political repression" in the USSR and dealing specifically with such cases as that of Vladimir Bukovsky, Pyotr Grigorenko, Viktor Feinberg, and others, who all had made the mistake of taking Soviet constitutional guarantees of free speech seriously. Rothberg, former managing editor of *The New Leader* and author of a major book on the novels of Solzhenitsyn, has written the indispensable background study of this continuing political repression in the Soviet Union and of the various forms it currently takes. "There is no possible evolution in a totalitarian society," Albert Camus wrote once, "terror does not evolve except toward a worse terror." The delusion that Khrushchev's denunciation of Stalin would also bring a change in established Soviet police-state methods did not last long. But even now Sinyavsky and Daniel, Kuznetsov, and Amalrik, whose ordeal is so ably described in these pages, are viewed in some Western quarters as relative rarities in the Soviet political process. Rothberg's carefully documented study suggests otherwise. In the Soviet Union the reaction to Khrushchev's "de-Stalinization" came from a wide front in the Soviet elite, from party hacks to "farm bureaucrats," and its fear-ridden essence particularly came to light in the manner in which one Madame Saveleva, the judge in the notorious case against the poet Iosif Brodsky, in February 1964, chose to exercise her role: "She was ignorant, dogmatic, arbitrary, and antisemitic," Rothberg writes, "and appealed to all those qualities in the courtroom audience." Just so.

J. M. VAN DER KROEF

CONSERVATIVE MINDS IN AMERICA, *by Ronald Lora (Rand-McNally, 260 pp., paper, $2.95).* In a barren field—secondary historical works on conservatism in America—one falls greedily upon any new sign of growth, hoping that wisdom may be found blossoming there. Promising to explain much, Lora delivers only a cataloguing. He focuses his study on twentieth-century conservatives, the "Cultural Critics of Mass Society," ranging from the New Humanists and the Agrarians, to Marquand and Cozzens, Kirk and Viereck, and concluding with, yes, a chapter on "Wm. F. Buckley Jr. and the NATIONAL REVIEW." Lora is no conservative, but his bias only occasionally distorts an admirably composed summary of the thought of these and other thinkers. But after the initial listing of several theories of the origin and nature of conservatism, with the suggestion that an examination of the "cultural conservatives" might illuminate their relative merits, he abandons his framework. His one-sentence hypothesis: "Conservatism, in its deepest meaning, arose in reaction, both conscious and unconscious, to the delimitation of . . . God in Western culture," is not bad, but it is not explored beyond page seven. In sum, Lora has done nice footwork in an excellent bibliographical essay.

D. W. STERNER

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HART

(Continued from page 731)

Good Samaritan. I quote the version in Luke:

> A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, who stripped him of his clothing, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked at him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him, he had compassion on him. And went up to him and bound up his wounds . . . and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

Now the orthodox priest and the Levite come off pretty badly here, leaving the victim lying in that ditch. But their behavior is not incomprehensible. The road from Jerusalem to Jericho was about 18 miles long. It was frequented by marauding Bedouin highwaymen. Those who traveled along it liked to keep moving.

We would all agree therefore that it was a work of marked charity or compassion for the man from Samaria to help the man who had been beaten up by the thieves. We might even think he took some risk to do so. A man lying beside the road could easily have been the bait in a trap.

But if it was thus a work of charity for the Samaritan to help out, it may also have been a work of charity for the innkeeper to receive such an unusual guest.

But let us press a step further. Surely works of charity are not possible only *after* someone has been victimized.

What do you imagine Jesus would have had the Samaritan do if he had come down the road a few minutes earlier, when the thieves had just begun their attack?

We can get some clue from his own behavior in relation to the moneychangers in the temple.

Or, consider another possibility. Would it not have been a work of charity to maintain and serve in a police force along the Jericho road, to have cleaned up the thieves, in order that such things would not happen to travelers?

The entire parable has an obvious application to relations among nations. It may well be an act of Christian charity to resist—to conquer—an *international* marauder, as well as the ones along the Jericho road.

I would therefore urge you to contemplate with confidence and the best of spirits the calling of the soldier. And I would like to conclude with one sentence from the Farewell Address of Andrew Jackson, delivered in 1837, and true this morning as well:

"Providence has showered on this favored land blessings without number, and has chosen you as the guardians of freedom, to preserve it for the benefit of the human race." □

(University of New Hampshire, June 3, 1973)

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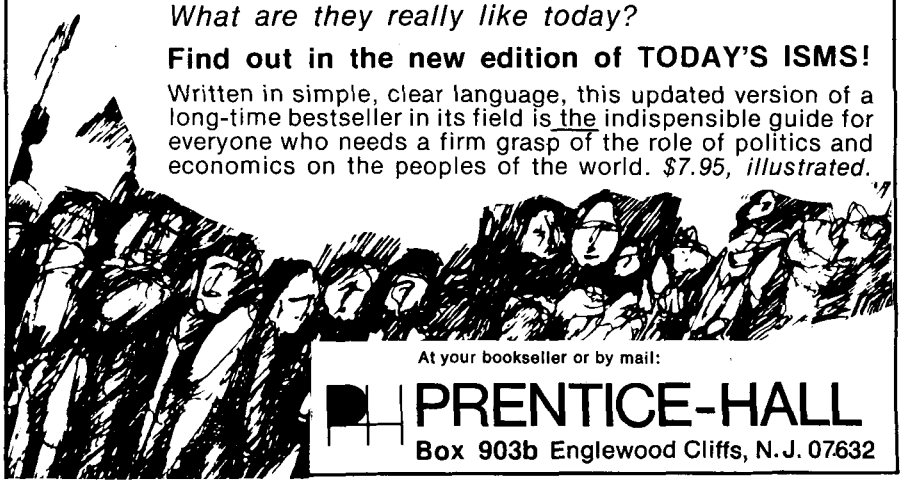

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

LARRY EVANS:

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A Grandmaster redeems himself after having started like a duffer. . . . A weaker opponent, after masterfully building a winning position, often lacks the technique required to administer the *coup de grace*. As Capablanca remarked, "The good player is always lucky."

(Introduction by Evans in *My 60 Memorable Games* by Robert J. [Bobby] Fischer.)

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 715)

I know of no other way to resolve it than by relying on scientific expertise.

4. Lastly, I think it worth mentioning that this question and related questions are not peculiar to my amendment. They will arise also under Congressman Hogan's amendment and I believe that Congressman Hogan is well aware of that fact.

In short the mere specification of "moment of conception"—even if that term had not been rendered ambiguous by the *Wade* decision—does not, without more, solve the problem. The "more" of necessity will have to be left to the hearing process and to the implementing legislation necessary to give the amendment full force and effect. Hopefully, science will in the future shed greater light on the problem and enable us to make the kind of precise legal distinction on which the specific effect of the law so vitally depends.

Washington, D.C. JAMES L. BUCKLEY

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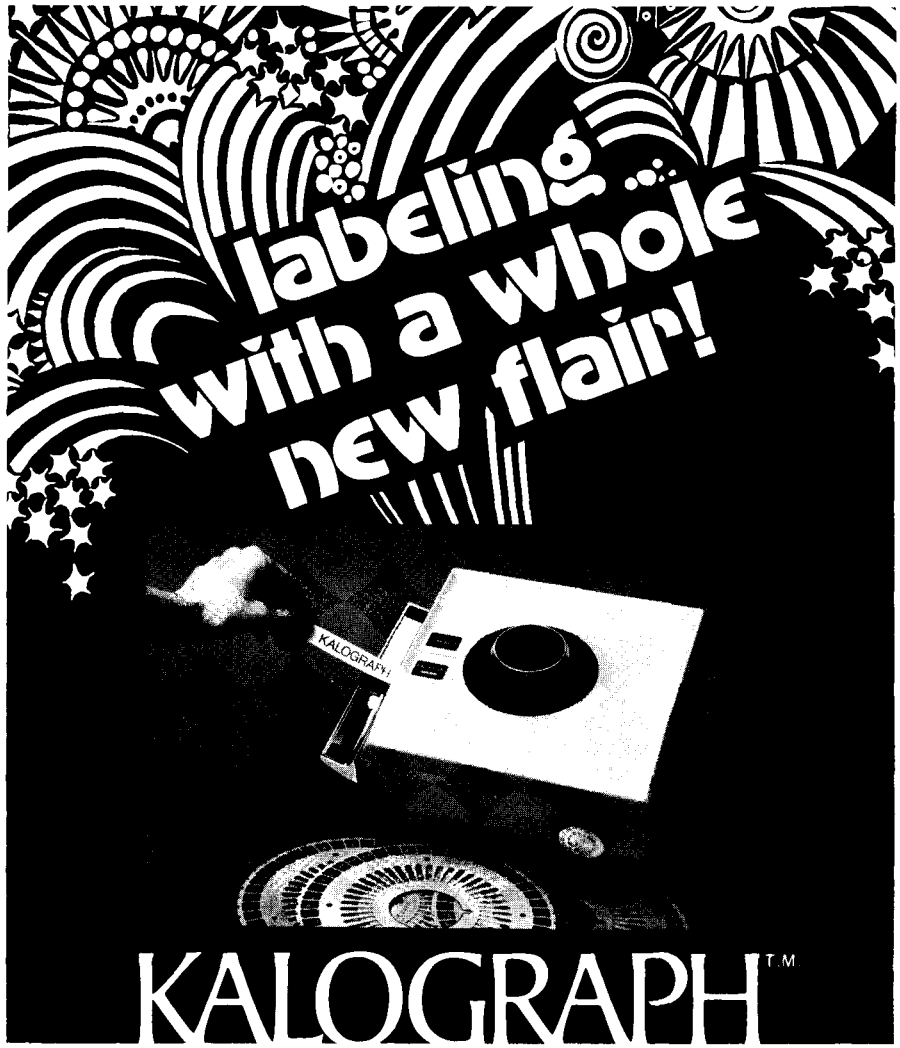

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Fulbright v. Jackson on Detente

On The Right

New York, June 16—The Senate, under the domination of Senator Fulbright's Foreign Relations Committee, has voted to amputate a couple of limbs from the United States Information Agency and perhaps even the Agency's heart. The $31-million cut means drastic reduction of USIA activities and means that the great transmitter in the South Pacific scheduled to disseminate a breath of news and truth to Mainland China is—canceled. Why? Because, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee's report advises us, the USIA is a "cold war anachronism."

We are to suppose then that it is an anachronism for the United States to make the effort to disseminate the news of the world in corners of the world that do not otherwise get such news. It is unclear how a cold war can end as the result of a unilateral resolution of one party to end it. The Soviet Union continues to jam the Voice of America, at a cost to the Soviet Union in excess of our cost in transmitting. We have the testimony of refugees from the tyranny of the Soviet Union that they get such news as they have of the outside world from the Voice of America (and its ancillary network), and from the BBC. Out of a combination of fatigue and funk it is now proposed that we withdraw the only hand of friendship one is in a position to extend to a captive people.

Senator Henry Jackson, in a remarkable address at Yeshiva University, eloquently challenged the assumption that detente is what happens when the United States ceases to stand by the cause of human freedom, and to guard against possible attempts to export tyranny. "The greatest mistake of the Western world" during the Thirties, said Jackson, "was the failure of Britain and France and America to heed the warnings of Winston Churchill and to stand, firm and early, for the defense of individual liberty." As a result of that failure we went on to "the holocaust"—which "is the central political experience of our time."

"We will have moved from the appearance to the reality of detente," Senator Jackson said, "when East Europeans can freely visit the West, when Soviet students in significant numbers —not the 25 who are here now—can come to American universities, and when American students in significant numbers can study in Russia. When reading the Western press and listening to Western broadcasts is no longer an act of treason, when families can be reunited across national borders, when emigration is free—then we shall have a genuine detente between peoples and not a formula between governments for capitulation on the issue of human rights."

Senator Jackson was concrete on the nature of detente, U.S.-style. He calls into question the general notion that President Nixon has ideally conducted our foreign policy by the use of "quiet diplomacy." "We have seen that sort of 'quiet diplomacy' before. It got us a grain deal in which the Russians purchased cheap wheat subsidized to the tune of $300 million by the American taxpayer. It got us a strategic arms limitation agreement in which the Soviets obtained a 3 to 2 advantage in land- and sea-based missiles. It got us the infamous education ransom. It brought about the appearance of detente and the reality of an even lower Soviet tolerance of individual liberty."

But last week all that Senator Fulbright could get excited about was—Greece; because Greece, a middle-class, middle-level, pastoral despotism got rid of an exiled king. On March 25, 1964, Senator Fulbright advised the Senate that "insofar as a nation is content to practice its doctrines within its own frontiers, that nation, however repugnant its ideology, is one with which we have no proper quarrel." Greece's doctrines are hardly designed for export. The Soviet Union's bind down not alone its own nationals, but a tier of countries to the west. And the gallant response of the United States Senate is: pull back on the USIA. There is a cruel psychological justification to it. If we cooperated completely with the People's Republic of China and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics in sealing the areas hermetically against any fugitive penetration of truth, we would seal out such irritating pollen as inseminates the mind and the spirit of the Solzhenitsyns; and the slaves, along with Senator Fulbright, would be more contented. Senator Fulbright could then exercise his moral conscience by giving stirring speeches against Colonel Papadopoulos.

CLARK CLIFFORD'S SUNBURST

New York, June 12—Hey, kids, do you want to know what they are talking about in the New York salons? Probably not, and for good reason, but the philanthropic imperative prevents me from keeping it to myself. It is the article in the *New York Times* by Clark Clifford on how to cope with the mess in Washington.

It is all just this simple:

1. Nixon gets Agnew to resign.
2. Nixon asks Congress to nominate a successor Vice President.
3. Nixon selects from Congress' nominees.
4. Congress confirms the nominee.
5. Nixon resigns.
6. The new guy becomes President.

The result? 7. A transformation of "the next three and a half years from years of bitterness, divisiveness, and deterioration to years of healing, unity, and progress."

I know a lady (whom I greatly esteem) who a few years ago had it all figured out how to solve the problem of minorities in South Africa, the problem of minorities in the United States, and the problem of underpopulation in Australia. Here is how it works: The United States should buy South Africa from the white people who own it. The United States should then make a gift of South Africa to our own Negro people, and arrange to ship them there. The white people in South Africa, together with the enormous capital they got from selling their country to the States, would remove to Australia, where they are very short of white people. Hesto presto: There is no racial problem left in South Africa, no black problem in the United States, and no shortage of white people in Australia. The wonder is that Clark Clifford didn't think of it. If he had, no doubt the *Times* would have published it.

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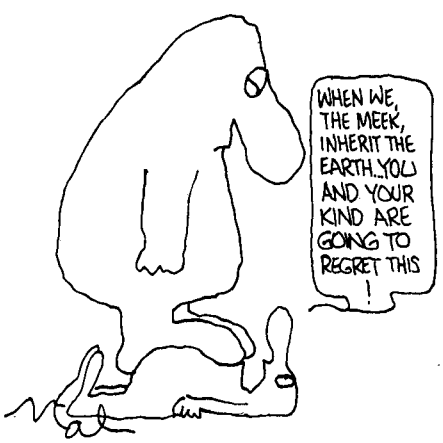
The turgidity of Mr. Clifford's presentation makes it sadistic to dwell on the analysis, but one must, one absolutely must, since such *chutzpah* requires recognition. Mr. Clifford speaks of this as being "no time for partisanship"—while proceeding to write as though it were a bipartisan conviction that Spiro Agnew, though he was elected Vice President of the United States and though he is utterly unimplicated in Watergate, should not, in the event of the President's resignation, proceed to the post for which he was designated by the American people.

Mr. Clifford says that "under our system of government, a President cannot function without the confidence of the American people." In fact he can, and has; as recently as when Mr. Clifford agreed to serve in the Cabinet of President Johnson even though President Johnson had already lost the support of the American people.

Mr. Clifford says that Mr. Nixon has by his contempt for the press and our institutions "irreparably" damaged himself. Mr. Clifford's respect for the press is best recalled by his willingness to serve President Johnson when Johnson asked Clifford to visit Washington publishers in 1964 and beg them to suppress the news that Johnson's assistant Walter Jenkins had been caught not at Watergate, probing intimate Democratic secrets, but at the YMCA washroom, probing even more intimate secrets. Johnson went on to win a landslide election, and Clifford was not very resonantly accused of trying to suppress Johnson's attempt at cover-up, nor did anyone in sight suggest an auto-da-fé for him.

MR. CLIFFORD says that the "present Administration has come to treat Congress as an inferior branch of the government." That's true. But so did the Johnson Administration treat it, and so did Kennedy's, and so did FDR's. The truth of the matter is that Congress has earned the reputation as an inferior branch of the government and it is historically the fault not of Nixon, but of Congress.



Mr. Clifford says that after all, Lyndon Johnson in 1968 did the noble thing. "On that occasion, President Johnson said: 'What we won when all of our people united must not now be lost in suspicion and distrust and selfishness and politics among any of our people.'" Right, that's what Johnson said. And what happened was that the people remained disunited and distrustful and selfish, and politics continued. Johnson's self-removal had nothing to do with healing the wounds of the nation to the extent that they were healed. That was the result of the practical policies of Richard Nixon. And the nearest the country ever came, in recent years, to being united was in preferring Nixon to the democratic choice of the Democratic Party, George McGovern: whose singular contributions to disunity were reproached neither by Mr. Clifford nor by the *New York Times.*

By God, I do believe that Richard Nixon is going to be saved by his enemies, and he deserves to be. □

DAILY REFLECTIONS

New York, June 20 — Concerning the day's news, a few observations.

1. Henry Kissinger, on returning recently from Paris the week when everybody was firing at him for consenting to protect the security of his office, remarked to a friend that the only person in Paris who was nice to him was Le Duc Tho. It is an extension of this irony that the firmest support Richard Nixon has recently gotten has been from Leonid Brezhnev. The papers report that at the fund-raising Republican gala in New York City the other night, the orators proceeded as though Richard Nixon did not exist. By contrast, Brezhnev expressed, in an interview with newsmen, "great respect" for Richard Nixon. Mr. Brezhnev met with the press for three hours and twenty minutes, during which he permitted three questions to be asked, which averages out to one hour and seven minutes per question. Mr. Brezhnev was as revealing as Soviet leaders generally are. Asked to comment on how the Politburo arrives at its decisions when there is disagreement, he said airily that they agreed 99.99 per cent of the time, which makes the Politburo a faithful extension of Soviet democracy. Asked to name specific products the Soviet Union would offer to sell to the United States, Brezhnev avoided the opportunity to recommend the superior efficiency of Soviet listening devices, and did not list slave labor for export, or supersonic transports. He explained that the Soviet Union has no laws restricting emigration of its citizens "if that departure is justified." Reporters were manifestly reassured that the Watergate problem has not affected Brezhnev's estimate of Richard Nixon, though no doubt they are still concerned that Brezhnev may, by his links to Nixon, risk discrediting the Soviet regime.

2. It has been said that Watergate is responsible for paralyzing domestic policy. It is not known exactly what happens when paralysis is paralyzed. In explaining Mr. Nixon's economic announcement the *New York Times* was driven, as by other very complicated stories, to a question and answer format. "*Question:* What happens after the freeze is over? *Answer:* The Administration says it will go to a tough, new system of mandatory wage-price controls. It will be called Phase Four. According to Treasury Secretary George P. Shultz, it could be tougher than the mandatory wage-price system known as Phase Two." Mr. Nixon's economic policies have made the *New York Times*' economics reporters sound like Art Buchwald, which is an improvement. Meanwhile, as we approach the second anniversary of total government intervention in wages and prices, the Nixon Administration has triumphantly transformed the 6 per cent inflation rate into a 9 per cent inflation rate.

3. Mr. Jeb Stuart Magruder reported to the committee investigating Watergate that he had been much influenced by his old ethics teacher, the Reverend William Sloane Coffin Jr., "whom I respect greatly." The sorites build like this: Coffin violated the law in pursuit of the higher ideal of ending the Vietnam war; Magruder respects Coffin, from whom he learned ethics; therefore Magruder feels free to violate the law in pursuit of a higher ideal. A cute point. Better than that—a neat point. Never mind that Magruder is technically on the side of observing the law. The threat of McGovern taking over the country was at least as great a threat to America as the threat of the North Vietnamese taking over South Vietnam. Like I said, as they say, "counterculture tends to breed a counter-counterculture."

4. They had a relatively peaceful commencement at Harvard. And guess what the new president of Harvard said? He said maybe Harvard had made a mistake abolishing the Reserve Officers Training Corps in 1969. Mr. Bok, when named President of Harvard, was thought by some as being altogether too trendy for the job. Maybe the trendiest people will give us back our ROTC? □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A surname which is *not* that from which Shakespeare was derived — 86 42 99 39 183 202 79 118 166

B. Epithet frequently used by Communists—more applicable to *them* — 125 23 69 78 188 133 156 203 210 228 1

C. What Venus de Milo practiced (Uncle Sam shouldn't) — 178 6 41 189 145 24 47 107 73 91 127

D. What the term Moderate really describes — 219 180 152 81 98 34 225 151 187

E. Followed by WORD F., a prophetic book which will be proved right or wrong in a few years — 226 212 115 126 40 165 171 195

F. See WORD E. — 46 181 227 97 129 17 74 80 25 88

G. A turning point in a nation's history — 59 50 111 67 105 120 136 184 199 26

H. An unsocial seclusive person — 96 10 12 186 150 208 55 128 29 112

I. A short trip taken to attend to some business — 44 16 109 158 65 3

J. The absence of govment — 104 66 196 43 11 142 132

K. A member of a subversive organization or (according to some) political party — 124 119 113 82 103 134 201 30 45

L. One of Victor Hugo's characters — 130 147 177 21 224 154 35 72 89

M. Unscramble EXACTA HERD to get a manner of speaking — 143 37 48 71 140 164 56 190 220 31

N. The capital of Burma — 170 173 185 157 221 117 205

O. A member of a political party or (according to some) subversive organization — 28 53 61 90 4 19 38 52 68

P. A politician who could be anti-WORD K. today and pro-WORD K. tomorrow — 194 108 146 153 217 223 13 32 144 57 162

Q. One who followed Mussolini — 222 204 182 139 191 198 58

R. To act as attorney for — 33 83 93 131 160 206

S. Mistaken — 70 36 51 110 167 179 94 60 161

T. An advocate of a system of economic organization in which industries are owned and managed by the workers — 85 5 14 218 159 213 18 197 169 174 62

U. Town in France, west of Nancy — 116 8 75 20

V. Relation marked by harmony — 121 176 148 172 64 77 192

W. To put (as currency) into circulation — 138 163 168 114 84

X. The head building — 200 101 207 193 175 87 76

Y. A state of intense fear — 211 155 95 100 123 137

Z. A false god — 149 102 216 209

a. What America will be, according to some people — 2 9 15 22 54 92 214 122

b. One who might use "I Got Plenty of Nothing" for a theme song — 7 27 49 63 215 106 135 141

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 752 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 B	2 a	3 I	4 O	5 T	■	6 C	7 b	■	8 U	9 a	10 H	■	11 J	12 H	13 P	14 T	15 a	16 I	17 F
■	18 T	19 O	20 U	■	21 L	22 a	23 B	24 C	25 F	26 G	27 b	28 O	29 H	30 K	■	31 M	32 P	33 R	■
34 D	35 L	36 S	37 M	38 O	39 A	40 E	41 C	■	42 A	43 J	44 I	■	45 K	46 F	47 C	48 M	49 b	50 G	51 S
52 O	■	53 O	54 a	■	55 H	56 M	57 P	58 Q	59 G	60 S	61 O	62 T	63 b	64 V	65 I	■	66 J	67 G	68 O
■	69 B	70 S	71 M	72 L	73 C	74 F	75 U	76 X	■	77 V	78 B	79 A	80 F	81 D	82 K	83 R	84 W	85 T	■
86 A	87 X	88 F	89 L	90 O	91 C	92 a	■	93 R	94 S	95 Y	■	96 H	97 F	98 D	■	99 A	100Y	101X	102Z
103K	104J	105G	■	106b	107C	108P	109I	110S	111G	112H	113K	114W	115E	116U	■	117N	118A	■	119K
120G	121V	■	122a	123Y	124K	125B	126E	127C	128H	■	129F	130L	131R	132J	■	133B	134K	135b	136G
137Y	138W	139Q	140M	■	141b	142J	143M	144P	145C	■	146P	147L	148V	149Z	150H	151D	■	152D	153P
■	154L	155Y	■	156B	157N	158I	159T	160R	161S	162P	■	163W	164M	165E	■	166A	167S	168W	169T
170N	171E	■	172V	173N	174T	175X	■	176V	177L	178C	■	179S	180D	181F	182Q	183A	184G	185N	186H
■	187D	188B	189C	190M	191Q	192V	193X	194P	195E	196J	197T	■	198Q	199G	200X	201K	202A	203B	■
204Q	205N	206R	■	207X	208H	209Z	210B	211Y	212E	213T	214a	215b	■	216Z	217P	218T	219D	220M	■
221N	222Q	■	223P	224L	225D	226E	227F	228B	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

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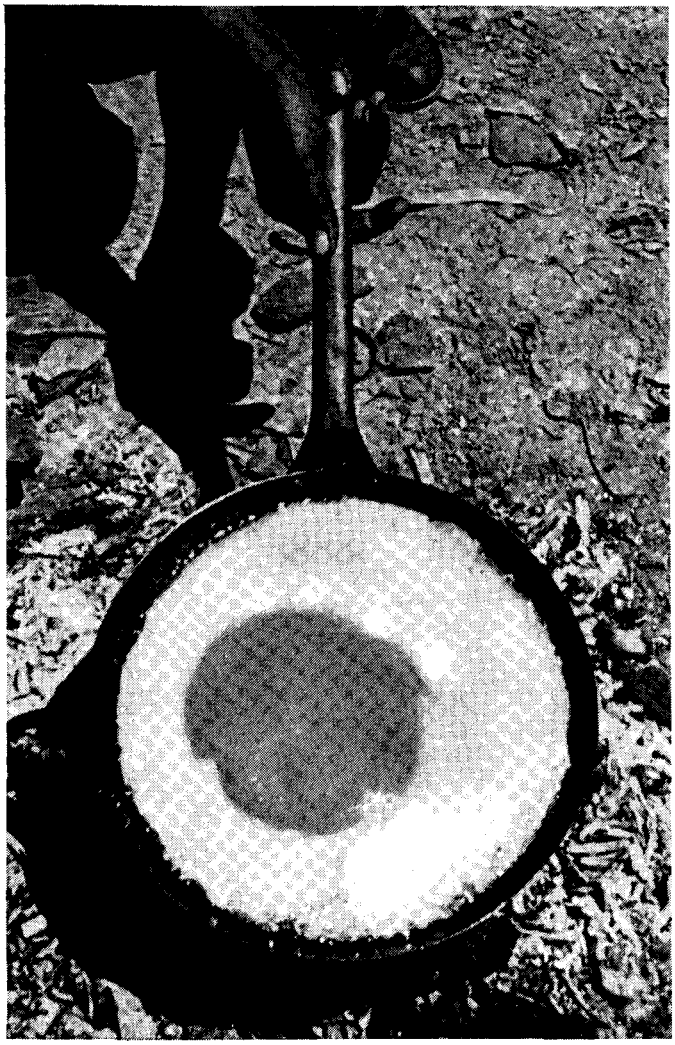

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In our bush country, a braaivleis is as traditional as a barbecue in America. But at a braaivleis they cook impala on a spit instead of hamburgers on a grill. And they serve an ostrich egg, which is the equivalent of two dozen chicken eggs in one shell.

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